

46th Annual Readers Poll Winners

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down beat

THE CONTEMPORARY MUSIC MAGAZINE



JACO PASTORIUS

*"The sound is
in my hands."*

**DOC
CHEATHAM**

*Finally Getting
His Chance*

**JIMMY
GIUFFRE**

*Moving Along
Softly*

Richie Cole Solo Transcription

5532478 248169 128301 DB A10 P A1 024 475
DOM VAN OOST
ACHTERHAKKERS 9
DORDRECHT NETHERLANDS



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Jaco Pastorius



Jimmy Giuffrè

SHIGERU UCHIYAMA

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*"I'm a punk
from
Florida"*

Not many years ago, Jaco Pastorius was the enfant-terrible on the southern scene, a flashy and flamboyant Floridian who was re-making the electric bass into a brilliant guitar-like lead instrument. Jaco joined Weather Report two years after bumping into Josef Zawinul outside of a Miami concert hall; almost immediately he rose from obscurity to international prominence. Through his work on *Heavy Weather* and his charisma on-stage, he figured noticeably in the dramatic increase in Weather Report's popularity. His own first album, *Jaco Pastorius*, may not have sold big numbers for Epic, but it was legendary among musicians such as Joni Mitchell and Pat Metheny, both of whom were quick to take advantage of Jaco's talents (*Hejira* and *Bright Size Life*, respectively). The public followed rapidly and now regularly puts Jaco at the top of the polls (No. 1 electric bass with both db's critics and readers, '78 'til present).

Word Of Mouth is the title of his second album as a leader, released several months ago by Warner Brothers, and it's an appropriate title, since "word of mouth" is the way Jaco became a poll-winning musician. His lyrical and incredibly quick style on the fretless Fender Jazz Bass has influenced an entire generation, as has his unique fusion of jazz, rhythm & blues, rock & roll, and Caribbean sounds. "I just call my music Everglades music, swamp music," he has said. "It's got a different beat."

Until the age of seven, Jaco lived in the Philadelphia area, but then his family moved to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where his father Jack pursued a career as a drummer and singer, and where his mother Stephanie took her three sons (Jaco's two younger brothers, Greg and Rory, still live in southern Florida, as does Jaco and his wife Ingrid) to afternoon jam sessions, where jazz was mixed with soul



JACO PASTORIUS

BY CONRAD SILVERT

The Word Is Out

edge of chord structure and his ability to get around on his instrument, he creates a lot of new directions, which is stimulating to me, because when we get together we wind up playing some other shit."

As a result, some of Herbie's better recorded piano solos in recent years have occurred on Jaco's two solo albums. Due to a contractual tussle between Columbia and Warner Bros. earlier this year, the release of *Word Of Mouth* was delayed four months, and artists including Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Tom Scott, and Hubert Laws were prohibited from receiving credit on the album. Initially Jaco had planned to credit—in equal-sized type—every person who performed on the album: a multiplicity of hornmen, violinists from the Los Angeles Philharmonic, children from the same orphan's choir that sang on Weather Report's *8:30* album, and so on.

music and Cuban rhythms. As he first played drums and then switched to bass through his teenage years, Jaco was naturally tuned in to jazz at the same time he was absorbing all the major pop sounds of the day—the Beatles and Stones, Elvis, James Brown and Wilson Pickett, Sly Stone, and Jimi Hendrix. Listen to one of his pastiche solos during a Weather Report concert and you might hear anything from a poetically delicate interpretation of Bach, replete with rainbows of harmonics, all the way to a subterranean, feedback-laden vision of Hendrix' *Purple Haze*. At the conclusion of one of these free-form medleys, Jaco might improvise a little James Brown two-step or literally slide into his final note, crashing across the stage as if attempting a steal of home plate. Critics almost unanimously express disdain for Jaco's grandstanding, but they can't deny his musicianship or the originality and authenticity of his style. "I don't have to try to be commercial," Jaco says, "I am commercial."

After he toured and recorded with Jaco a few years ago, Herbie Hancock commented that Jaco "understands about space now, about not playing, about using phrases where they really fit. Jaco's conception of music is really open, and with his extensive knowl-

Because he had to delete a few names, however, he decided to list no credits whatsoever, and let people guess.

Jaco is a consummate juggler of musical styles, a complete eclectic who appears to love virtually every form of music. On the bass he can play Charlie Parker heads at blinding speed; he also listens to old records of tunes like *Holiday For Strings*. On his first LP he hired Sam & Dave to sing a gutbucket vocal, *Come On, Come Over*, and on *Word Of Mouth* he generously gave nearly half the album to 59-year-old Belgian harmonica maestro Toots Thielemans. Jaco is not predictable.

In Florida during his late teens and early 20s, Jaco played bass (and sometimes piano) with visiting acts that included the Four Tops, Supremes, and Temptations. His long tenure with blue-eyed soul singer Wayne Cochran took him on tours all through the Southeast. He had brief encounters with employers such as Phyllis Diller, Charo, even Bob Hope. "I'm pragmatic," he explains.



"The sound is in my hands"



JACO PASTORIUS SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

WORD OF MOUTH—Warner Bros. BSK 3535

JACO PASTORIUS—Epic PE 33949

with Weather Report

NIGHT PASSAGE—Columbia JC 36793

8:30—Columbia PC2 36030

MR. GONE—Columbia JC 35358

HEAVY WEATHER—Columbia PC 24418

BLACK MARKET—Columbia PC 24099

HAVANA JAM I—Columbia PC2 36053

HAVANA JAM II—Columbia PC2 36180

with Herbie Hancock

MR. HANDS—Columbia JC 36578

with Joni Mitchell

MINGUS—Asylum 5E 505

HEJIRA—Asylum 7E 1087

with Pat Metheny

BRIGHT SIZE LIFE—ECM 1073

with Metheny/Ditmas/Bley

JACO PASTORIUS/PAT METH-

ENY/BRUCE DITMAS/PAUL

BLEY—Improvising Artists

IAI-373846

with Albert Mangelsdorff

TRILOGUE: LIVE AT THE BERLIN

JAZZ DAYS—Pausa 7055

with Ian Hunter

ALL AMERICAN ALIEN BOY—

Columbia C 34142

with Ira Sullivan

IRA SULLIVAN—Horizon SP 706

The Pastorius home in Deerfield Beach is a placid contrast to the Los Angeles environment where Weather Report records a couple of months each year, and provides an occasional oasis from the tiring travails of touring (Weather Report's tours have taken them around the world several times since Jaco joined up.) Besides Jaco and his wife Ingrid, a beautiful woman of German and Indonesian parents, the house is also inhabited by three parrots and several cats; in a large cage outside reside a pair of squirrel monkeys. The house is also filled with a myriad of instruments, including a Japanese koto, a baby grand piano, an upright bass, an Australian didjeridu, Chilean pan-pipes, a Chinese gong, and so on; in the "Florida room," which is an addition to the house bordered by jalousie windows on three sides, Jaco has a full set of drums which he uses to let off steam from time to time. A considerable overflow of musical stuff fills most of a warehouse garage nearby in Ft. Lauderdale—saxophones, a euphonium, basses and guitars, steel drums, a bass mandolin.

In attempting to come to grips with Jaco's often paradoxical personality, musical and otherwise, some facts are useful. For example, regarding his ability to produce those gorgeously sustained, singing tones on the bass, it helps to know that his very first musical influence was Frank Sinatra. To understand the flip side—the sometimes nasty and rowdy motorcycle maniac who would do almost anything when properly challenged—it helps to know a little about what Jaco refers to as the "poor white trash" aspect of his adolescence.

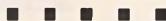
Among the bands he led or worked in were Soul Incorporated, Woodchuck, Statutory Grape, Uptown Funk All-Stars, Jubilee Roll Band, Tommy Strand & the Upper Hand, Uncle Wig-out & the Solar System, and the Las Olas Brass. It was during his tenure with Las Olas that Jaco became a bassist (his left—or snare—drumming hand was partially incapacitated due to a wrist that was severely broken in a football "rumble"). What, I asked, was the biggest achievement of the Las Olas Brass? "Being totally crazy," Jaco answered with a deadpan expression. "We'd walk out of restaurants without paying the bill, and take about half the restaurant, but we'd always leave the waitress a tip. We'd drive down the street steering the car while lying on the roof—once a cat named Jim Godwin did the impossible, driving from the trunk of the car steering with a broom handle. He'd drive by and it looked like nobody was in the car! We were wild. We'd do anything to be crazy. We didn't need to go to any parties because we were the party."

Prankster though he was, Jaco always understood the value of hard work. He was consistently a top student in school, and spent his afternoons earning extra dollars by working a paper route. Through that and playing music professionally, he became financially self-sufficient well

before the age of 20. When he was 18, he married his first wife, Tracy, with whom he had two children, Mary and John, now aged 11 and eight. In many ways, Jaco grew up fast—in a few ways he's never grown up—but he appears to have always assumed more than his share of responsibilities.

With that in mind, it's not surprising that shortly after joining Weather Report, Jaco was given credit as co-producer of *Heavy Weather* (Zawinul quickly saw how efficient and knowledgeable Jaco was in the studio), and subsequently he has had a hand in the production every time the band has since entered the studio. Although *Word Of Mouth* is Jaco's first album of his own in nearly six years, his contribution to Weather Report has been substantial.

During 1982 Jaco plans to take a little more time off from Weather Report than usual to pursue a few personal projects: a brief winter tour with his own band, probably a sextet, that will definitely include Michael Brecker, Bobby Mintzer, Wynton Marsalis, Don Alias, and Peter Erskine; production of a steel drum album featuring Othello (a 41-year-old master pans player from Trinidad) and himself; a special big band concert with the Peter Graves Orchestra at Captiva, an island off the west coast of Florida; and commencing the production of his next album for Warners. That's a healthy program of creative juggling.



As he was interviewed at home in Florida, Jaco wanted to talk primarily about *Word Of Mouth*, to inform **down beat** readers about the personnel, and to shed some light on his methods of recording, many of which are quite unusual. Jaco produced the album himself in three locations—studios in both New York and Los Angeles, and at his house in Florida. What follows is a track-by-track journey through the album.

• *Crisis*—This is a highly unusual piece by Jaco's or anyone's standards. Jaco's bass line, which runs for 22 beats, was created by employing both a guitar synthesizer and a sequencer.

"It's both those things," Jaco says, "but it's just the bass guitar. I recorded it originally on a cassette, and later fed the cassette into a 24-track machine, and as each musician came in I asked him to play on it listening only to the bass part. In New York, Jack DeJohnette, Mike Brecker, Herbie Hancock, Don Alias, and Bobby Thomas recorded. In Florida I had Peter Erskine overdub just a real fast hi-hat, a calypso beat similar to *Teen Town*, and I added a shekere and a mouth organ from Thailand that sounds like a train or a brass section.

"I put the tape away for a few months, until I got to Los Angeles. Then Wayne Shorter overdubbed, again listening only to the bass. I did it in a way similar to Jamaican 'dub' music, except that, for instance, while Wayne was playing I'd sit at the control board and maybe slide a little of Herbie's piano into Wayne's headphones for a few bars, just so Wayne would react to it. Then I had Hubert Laws record piccolo. It was a pretty outside way of recording, but it worked really well, and I'll definitely try something like it again."

• *Three Views Of A Secret*—This is an expanded orchestration of the same tune on Weather Report's *Night Passage*. Some people may say Jaco copped out by re-recording it, but it's enhanced the second time around in a number of ways. Where, as Jaco says, Wayne Shorter "skated around" the melody the first time, on *Word Of Mouth* harmonica genius Toots Thielemans plays the melody exactly as it was written. This is Toots' first appearance on the album, but far from his last; Jaco made more than half the album into a showcase for Toots' sublime lyricism, which meshes with Jaco's bass effortlessly.

"I took the title," Jaco says, "from a chart written 10 years ago by Charlie Brent, who was musical director of Wayne Cochran's band when I was the bassist. Charlie is one of my most important teachers." Jaco recorded a basic track in New York with just himself on piano, Jack DeJohnette on drums, and Toots on harmonica. In Los Angeles he overdubbed

strings, brass, woodwinds, voices, and, of course, his bass. Among the musicians are Chuck and Bobby Findley on trumpets, Bill Reichenbach on trombone, and Tom Scott playing bass clarinet.

• *Liberty City*—"People have said I'm getting political," Jaco says, "but I named this two days before the riots in the Liberty City district of Miami. I used to be the only white person they'd let into Liberty City at night, because I was a musician and everyone knew me. Originally I wrote this as a kind of calypso—the working title was *High Life*—and I had a certain sound in my head. When Herbie takes his piano solo, that's the sound I heard when I was a kid and I'd walk into a club and hear just a piano, upright bass, and drums, swinging out. Herbie improvises through the entire tune, and I'm playing the bass guitar with Othello playing steel drums an octave higher to give an overtone to the bass.

"I recorded basically the whole tune with 19 guys in one take in New York, just doing the trumpet part over in L.A.,

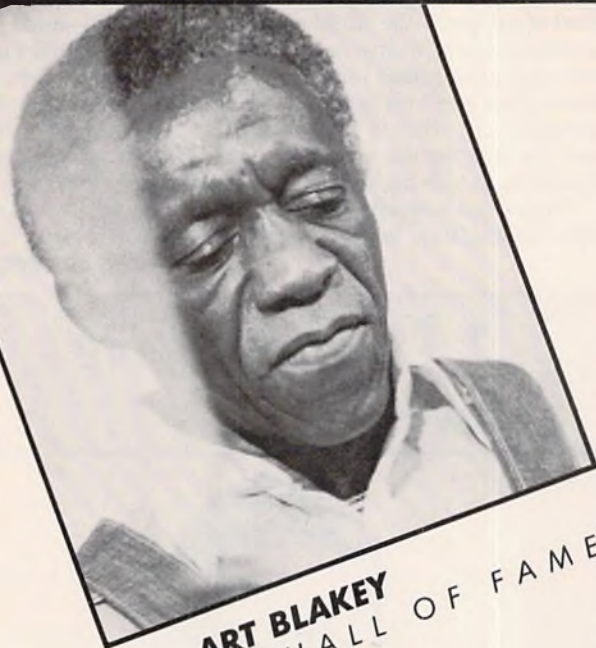
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"I am a walking
mutt"



TOM COPE

46th Annual



ART BLAKEY
HALL OF FAME

The 1981 down beat readers sent a message to the Hall of Fame—the head Jazz Messenger, Art Blakey. “That’s a surprise, a pleasant one,” said Blakey when informed of the honor. “I’m glad people are beginning to recognize what I’m all about, trying to keep the art of jazz alive. I want to let the people know that once an idea is presented, it belongs to the world, but the people who started the idea should get some credit. For example, during the time of Fats Waller and Louis Armstrong, Paul Whiteman was considered the king of jazz; Duke Ellington and Count Basie have never been properly recognized; Art Tatum, who in my opinion is the greatest jazz musician who ever lived, has almost been forgotten.”

down beat readers have obviously kept up with Blakey’s contributions. Born in Pittsburgh in 1919, the drum master paid his dues in the star-studded Billy Eckstine big band before forming the Jazz Messengers in ’55 (although he had used the name in other groups as early as ’47), and has been its head ever since, propelling the swinging Messenger music with his soulful hard-bop drumming. Messenger alumni read like a who’s who of jazz, and Blakey’s extra-Messenger musings include stints with virtually every important jazz figure, including the Giants Of Jazz tour with Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Stitt, et al.

Blakey sees his current role as “giving young musicians something to look forward to—a chance to play.” He feels that jazz would have a better future if more established players would share their experiences with younger musicians rather than showcasing their own talent. Blakey hands out his knowledge freely: “Let the promoters have their money, just give me the credit!” He finds playing keeps him fit and relieves frustration, and plans to continue for as long as he is physically able. Blessed with incredible strength and energy (perhaps nurtured during his coal-mining youth) and from a line of long-livers (his father reached 103), Blakey plans to share his message for a long time to come.

—w.a. brower

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MILES DAVIS

WAYNE SHORTER

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI

46th Annual Readers Poll



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- 864 *Josef Zawinul*
- 158 *Chick Corea*
- 102 *Herbie Hancock*
- 97 *Sun Ra*
- 92 *Lyle Mays*
- 77 *George Duke*
- 41 *Jan Hammer*

GUITAR

- 400 *Joe Pass*
- 206 *Pat Metheny*
- 136 *James "Blood" Ulmer*
- 122 *George Benson*
- 119 *Kenny Burrell*
- 109 *Jim Hall*
- 99 *John McLaughlin*
- 90 *Ralph Towner*
- 57 *John Abercrombie*
- 46 *Al DiMeola*
- 43 *John Scofield*
- 41 *Tal Farlow*
- 40 *Cal Collins*
- 40 *Steve Khan*

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- 524 *Ron Carter*
- 239 *Niels-Henning Ørsted Pedersen*
- 192 *Ray Brown*
- 168 *Charlie Haden*
- 162 *Eddie Gomez*
- 69 *Dave Holland*
- 60 *Cecil McBee*
- 55 *George Mraz*
- 43 *Percy Heath*
- 43 *Rufus Reid*
- 42 *Fred Hopkins*
- 40 *David Friesen*
- 40 *Buster Williams*

ELECTRIC BASS

- 826 *Jaco Pastorius*
- 220 *Stanley Clarke*
- 207 *Steve Swallow*
- 88 *Marcus Miller*
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- 50 *Eberhard Weber*
- 40 *Jamaaladeen Tacuma*

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- 788 *Stephane Grappelli*
- 319 *Jean-Luc Ponty*
- 164 *Billy Bang*
- 119 *Leroy Jenkins*
- 67 *L. Shankar*
- 67 *Michal Urbaniak*
- 57 *John Blake*
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- 554 *Gary Burton*
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- 295 *Bobby Hutcherson*
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- 402 *Jack DeJohnette*
- 281 *Max Roach*
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- 131 *Elvin Jones*
- 130 *Peter Erskine*
- 122 *Buddy Rich*
- 118 *Tony Williams*
- 103 *Art Blakey*
- 62 *Billy Cobham*
- 50 *Billy Higgins*
- 49 *Louie Bellson*
- 48 *Roy Haynes*
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PERCUSSION

- 513 *Airto Moreira*
- 274 *Nana Vasconcelos*
- 161 *Don Moye*
- 125 *Ralph MacDonald*
- 87 *Paulinho da Costa*
- 64 *Collin Walcott*
- 40 *Ralph Thomas Jr.*

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

- 473 *Toots Thielemans (harmonica)*
- 165 *David Grisman (mandolin)*
- 98 *Abdul Wadud (cello)*
- 97 *Anthony Braxton (bass clarinet)*
- 92 *Howard Johnson (tuba)*
- 68 *Tom Scott (Lyricon)*
- 59 *Paul McCandless (oboe)*

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- 525 *Al Jarreau*
- 228 *Joe Williams*
- 217 *Mel Torme*
- 161 *Mark Murphy*
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- 80 *Ray Charles*
- 62 *Stevie Wonder*
- 52 *Frank Sinatra*
- 41 *Leon Thomas*
- 40 *George Benson*

FEMALE SINGER

- 510 *Sarah Vaughan*
- 291 *Betty Carter*
- 213 *Ella Fitzgerald*
- 88 *Sheila Jordan*
- 88 *Carmen McRae*
- 69 *Flora Purim*
- 46 *Joni Mitchell*
- 43 *Anita O'Day*
- 40 *Ursula Dudziak*
- 40 *Rickie Lee Jones*
- 40 *Cleo Laine*

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- 969 *Manhattan Transfer*
- 153 *Steely Dan*
- 125 *Singers Unlimited*
- 95 *Jackie Cain & Roy Kral*
- 90 *Earth, Wind & Fire*
- 77 *Hendricks Family*
- 40 *The Hi-Lo's*
- 40 *Rare Silk*



AL JARREAU



TOOTS THIELEMANS



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DOC CHEATHAM

BY LEE JESKE

After serving internships with McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Cab Calloway, and Teddy Wilson during the '30s and '40s, Doc Cheatham's practice waned through the '50s and '60s as gigs were sparse. Rediscovered on the verge of hanging up his instrument, the 76-year-old trumpeter now enjoys a full schedule—making the rounds of Big Apple night clubs one month, festival house calls around the globe the next.

Rx for the B-L-U-E-S

In 1969, at the age of 64, Doc Cheatham was all set to retire from the music business. "Things were slow, because people were listening to a lot of progressive music. That was the thing in those days," he says, taking a long draw from his pipe.

Had he hung up his trumpet 12 years ago, Adolphus Anthony Cheatham's name would be an asterisk in the recorded history of jazz. He had put in time with such organizations as the Cab Calloway Orchestra, McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Teddy Wilson's orchestra, Eddie Heywood's small band, and the latin bands of Marcelino Guerra, Machito, and Perez Prado, but always as a lead trumpet player—the man who held down the section, but almost never soloed.

"You see," says Doc Cheatham sitting at his small kitchen table on a steamy New York City afternoon, "being a lead trumpet player meant nothing to a man. You got no recognition, nobody cared anything about you, they just didn't pay you any attention at all. And the lead man was the most important man in the band. The band couldn't swing if the lead man wasn't right. I went out with groups, they would always have two trumpets, and they wouldn't let me play a solo. I went with Cab for a second time, and we had Jonah Jones, Shad Collins, and myself on trumpet. I didn't get a chance to get



a solo. On my sheet I had, maybe sometimes, eight bars or something, but the guys would jump up and take it away from me."

On the Tuesday afternoon that we speak, Cheatham looks every bit the retired gentleman—pipe in his mouth, shirt unbuttoned to the waist, a sleepy, wooly look to his eyes. It's a typical afternoon of a typical week for Doc. The next night he will be playing at the West End, an uptown jazz joint, leading a group of musicians whose identities he won't know until he arrives. The following two evenings will find him at the Ginger Man, a West Side eatery, joining several other jazz veterans in an aggregation known as the Harlem Blues And Jazz Band. Saturday morning he will be flying to Youngstown, Ohio to play in one of Lester Lanin's society orchestras. But he will be back on Sunday, where he is in residence at Sweet Basil, a Greenwich Village club, from three to seven in the evening. Sometime in-between gigs, there will be a rehearsal for a "Salute To Louis Jordan," which will take him, along with Major Holley, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, Budd Johnson, and others on a lengthy European tour. Oh yes, and the day he's flying to Youngstown, Doc Cheatham will be celebrating his 76th birthday.

He isn't quite sure how his career turned around. Thoughts of retiring in '69 were scotched by a call to play some dixieland trumpet at Your Father's Mustache, a red-striped and straw-hatted New York club. A couple of years afterward he joined the New York Jazz Repertory Company—a short-lived all-star big band—and received a call to play the Monterey Jazz Festival in a salute to Louis Armstrong. They flew him in, paid all expenses, and his appearance amounted to one chorus of *Struttin' With Some Barbecue*. Yet since then, Cheatham has circled the globe—playing at jazz festivals, making recordings, and having the best time of his life. Once the thorny label of "lead trumpeter" was removed, Doc Cheatham emerged as one of the sweetest, most elegant trumpet soloists we have—he has a lovely, soft, singing tone and a delightful, parenthetical way of improvising. With his two elbows spread out like wings and his trumpet pointed skyward, Doc Cheatham can solo with the best of them, and he's finally getting the chance.

"I'll tell you," he says, rubbing his chin, "styles have changed so much that the people have gotten kind of tired of the certain styles that they were listening to—so now they're coming around listening to me, and they seem to be happy about the things that I do."

Adolphus Cheatham began doing



those things in Nashville, Tennessee, where he was born in 1905. He was tagged with his nickname by his parents, who were hopeful of encouraging their son to go to medical school. No such luck. Doc began fooling around on the cornet in the "dead city" of Nashville and soon found himself playing simple marches and light classical pieces at county fairs. He played in school bands and alternated between cornet and soprano saxophone. He played a lot with circus musicians, most of whom lived in Nashville during the off-season, and through this association ended up with a trumpet tattooed on his left forearm. He backed up singers, played in the pit of the Bijou Theatre "to see the shows for free," and before long wound up in Chicago after a tour on the Theatre Owners' Booking Association circuit—the infamous TOBA (better known by the handle "Tough On Black Asses").

Chicago, in 1926, was a felicitous stop for a budding trumpeter. After hearing Louis Armstrong, King Joe Oliver, and the other New Orleans brassmen who had brought their wind to the Windy City, Doc tossed the soprano saxophone aside (not before recording on it with Ma Rainey, however) and became a full-time trumpet player. "I just stayed there for a year, learned quite a lot, and then I left and came east with a fellow who had a band in Philadelphia, Bobby Lee. He needed a lead trumpet player."

After Lee's band broke up, Cheatham found himself as a chair-pusher and bellhop on the Atlantic City Boardwalk, before pointing his trumpet in the direction of the Big Apple. There was some work on the Keith Circuit, a couple of seasons with Wilbur and Sidney DeParis, and a few weeks with the budding Chick Webb Orchestra before joining the Sam Wooding Or-

chestra for a three-year stint in Europe. "I thought it was very exciting to travel around Europe with that band," remembers Doc. "He had an entertaining band and we played only hotels, casinos, and nightclubs. It was a big package and we had our headquarters in Berlin. There was jazz everywhere in Berlin, it was a very exciting place. So I didn't get homesick, I didn't think about coming back. I didn't like Nashville the times I was living there, so I never got homesick at all."

"I finally left in 1930. I got kind of fed up. You felt that you got kind of stale, as though you needed to hear some other musicians and hear what was going on in America. There were a lot of improvements and everything was going on and I wanted to get back to try and improve myself. I came back and joined Hardie's Alabamians at the Savoy. Then I played with the Missourians, before joining McKinney's Cotton Pickers. I was there for about a year, but they weren't doing so well. So I went from the Cotton Pickers to Cab's band and spent eight years with Cab, playing lead trumpet."

Cab Calloway's orchestra was one of the hottest in the country, thanks to the flamboyant stage antics of its leader. "It was a first-class band," says Cheatham. "He was very hot and we had wonderful travels all over the United States. I never got tired of it, because I was young and I loved it. I never was a drinker so I never hung around bars—I was always interested in seeing the country and studying my instrument, trying to improve on my horn."

Ill health caused Doc Cheatham to leave Cab's band and retire from music for the first time—spending two years in the post office. Then it was back to the bands—a little time with Teddy Wilson, a couple of years with Eddie Heywood at Cafe Society (which led to

some recordings with Billie Holiday), practicing, and teaching. One of his pupils was the latin bandleader, Marcelino Guerro. "He had one of the best latin bands, and he wanted to learn to play trumpet. And he took me in. It was hard, because it was quite a different thing in those days. He kept me in the band, but I didn't enjoy it. What I enjoyed was listening to the band, but I felt out of place there. I worked with him until his band broke up, and then I went with Machito. I stayed with him a little while, and then I worked with quite a few small bands, until I finally learned a lot about that music."

Doc Cheatham began a lengthy association with latin bands, one that is still active. He toured with Perez Prado, played four seasons at the Concord Hotel in the Catskills with Machito (during the years when faddish listeners were buying cha-cha and rhumba records by the score), and led a small latin unit at the International Club on Broadway. There were a handful of jazz gigs, too—more work with the DeParis', a tour of Africa with Herbie Mann, and a 1967 tour of Europe with Benny Goodman. All the while, Doc Cheatham was listening, practicing, and absorbing. He listened to Dizzy Gillespie and Clifford Brown and had a special admiration for Miles Davis.

In 1969 Cheatham felt it was time to pack it in. He was confused, musically—was he a dixieland player, a latin player, a lead trumpeter, or a soloist? He wasn't satisfied with his own playing and wasn't satisfied at the job prospects. He had had a long, satisfying career with only one major disappointment. Like so many other musicians, he dreamed of working in the Duke Ellington Orchestra. Unlike so many other musicians, he was close enough to taste it.

"When I was with Cab, Juan Tizol took me down," says Doc Cheatham, a bit of sadness in his voice. "They were playing a theater downtown—the Strand or the Capitol. I was at the Cotton Club with Cab. Duke was looking for a trumpet player, and Tizol took me over there to see Duke. I sat up there in the dressing room, and he never said a damn thing—just, 'How you doing and blah, blah, blah.'—and he was making up his face. I stayed there all day long, he never said anything. See, he and Cab, back in those days, had an agreement—they wouldn't take men from one another's band, although Ben Webster went. I think Duke told Ben, 'I can't hire you in my band because you're working.' So Ben quit Cab and laid off for around a year or so, then Duke hired him.

"I always wanted to work with Duke.

DOC CHEATHAM SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

as a leader

GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU—Classic Jazz CJ 113

with **Buck Clayton**

JAYHAWK—Chiaroscuro CR 163

with **Wilbur DeParis**

AND HIS NEW NEW ORLEANS JAZZ—Atlantic 1219

with **Billie Holiday**

STRANGE FRUIT—Atlantic SD 1614

with **Alberta Hunter**

REMEMBER MY NAME—Columbia JS 35553

AMTRAK BLUES—Columbia JC 36430

with **Jay McShann**

BIG APPLE BASH—Atlantic SD 8804

with **Sammy Price**

DOC & SAMMY—Sackville 3013

FIRE—Classic Jazz CJ 106

with **Cab Calloway**

THE HI-DE-HO MAN—Columbia G 352593E

16 CLASSICS—Columbia J-10

with **Machito**

LATIN SOUL PLUS JAZZ—Tico CLP 1314

I felt that I could play well in Duke's band. I wanted to go there so bad. But that's what happens. Duke did call me before he died. He wanted me to go to Japan with him. He said, 'You can stay in the band as long as you like.' But I couldn't go because I had just had a hernia operation, and I was recuperating. I really regretted that. Because if you worked with Duke, you were recognized as great, whether or not you could play anything. You were a great musician—a great player. That would have meant so much to me."

So in 1969 Doc Cheatham felt he had done about as much as he was going to, when a call from bassist and club owner Red Balaban led him to Your Father's Mustache. "I learned all that dixieland in Chicago, I was listening to it every day. I had also done a lot of work with Wilbur DeParis. So I went and enjoyed it. Then I joined the New York Jazz Repertory Company and that helped a lot. Then I started getting calls.

"You know, Benny Carter is a very good friend of mine, because I kind of encouraged him to start playing trumpet. He always gave me credit for that. He's so good to me that anytime he can say anything on my behalf, he will. And I think Benny had them send for me to come out to Monterey."

His one solo on *Struttin' With Some Barbecue* was the beginning of a new phase in the career of Doc Cheatham—from lead trumpeter to name soloist in the course of one chorus. His New York Jazz Repertory Company association led to gigs at the Newport/New York Festival and the Nice Festival. The audiences in Europe fell in love with the pretty, mainstream style, and the

French label Black and Blue signed him for his first record date as a leader. It was at that session that another facet of Doc Cheatham's talent was revealed.

"We were playing something to balance the band," Cheatham recalls with a little bit of a grin, "and I started scat singing and all that. And the guy who's in charge said, 'That's great, we're going to keep that.' Well, I gave him a big holler. I said, 'You've got to be kidding, man . . .' And it became a hit over there—that little song that I did. The song was one I liked in Atlantic City in the 1920s, *What Can I Say After I Say I'm Sorry*. I just did that as a joke and it came out to be a big hit over there." Cheatham's singing style is a natural extension of his trumpet playing. It is refined and legato—punctuated by a lovely, rolling "r" which seems to harken more to Oxford than Nashville. His oft-performed version of *I Want A Little Girl* is a delightful, understated joy.

In the 1970s Doc Cheatham found himself very much in demand on both sides of the Atlantic. He did sideman work on recordings by such people as Alberta Hunter and Jay McShann, played at every jazz festival on the European continent, toured Russia with a "Salute To Louis Armstrong," and played stunning obbligato behind Katherine Handy Lewis' version of her father's *St. Louis Blues* at a jazz concert on the South Lawn of the White House, hosted by then-President Jimmy Carter.

"They should do more of that," he says of the White House gala. "It was wonderful. You know, I was brought up backing singers. That was something I always liked to do—trying to do the right thing behind a singer. I like all that stuff. That's one of my specialties, I think."

Backing a singer or soloing, Doc Cheatham likes to do it all. He tried his hand playing with Beaver Harris' 360° Music Experience and has hopes that his former nephew, Ornette Coleman, will deliver on his promise to write something for him. "I was married to Ornette Coleman's aunt; she was my second wife. He was visiting us from Texas when he was 13, 14 years old, and he didn't know what he wanted to do. He decided he wanted a saxophone. So we took him down to Walter Thomas' studio, and Walter got him a saxophone and gave him some lessons or something.

"When I heard his first records it sounded crazy to me, you know, like everybody else. But I didn't condemn him, I just didn't understand what he was doing. I visited him downtown a few times, and I'd bring my mouthpiece, my trumpet mouthpiece, because he wanted to study trumpet too. I

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DOC CHEATHAM'S EQUIPMENT

Vincent Bach Trumpet; Vincent Bach 18S Mouthpiece.

JIMMY GIUFFRE

FOUR BROTHERS + 3 DECADES

B Y F R E D B O U C H A R D

A firm foot-tap is laid down as a breathy, quavery clarinet plays a few solo choruses of the blues. The horn keeps to lower notes, and stays quiet, with a deep, mournful bayou feel.

That's *So Low*, the mood-setting track of Jimmy Giuffre's first Atlantic album (March, 1956) on which he played only his after-hours, chalumeau-registered clarinet. In the varied pastoral settings Giuffre conjures are many of the West Coast compadres—Shelly Manne, Jimmy Rowles, Jack Sheldon—with whom he hung out at Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse, but *So Low* was the first recording for solo horn since Coleman Hawkins' *Picasso* in 1948.

A strong vamp on synthesizer, bass, and drums ushers in a scintillating soprano sax line paralleled by electronic keyboard. The piece squirms, skitters, and skeddaddles as each soloist takes a few choruses, then all combine for some contrapuntal interplay. The set ends, and the audience gives sustained, appreciative applause.

That's July, 1981 at Sandy's Jazz Revival in Beverly, MA. Multi-reedist Giuffre's new quartet played *Squirrels* at his first club date in the Boston area since the '60s, despite teaching at New England Conservatory since 1978. (The band's done a few nights at Jazzmania in Manhattan.) With him are his drummer of a decade, Randy Kaye, and two advanced students from NEC, Mark Rossi on keyboards and Bob Nieske on bass. Like most of Giuffre's trios and quartets over the years, this band grows

organically, sounds comfortable, stretches the ears, combines fun and hard work for player and listener, and defies classification.

Jimmy Giuffre, after 40 years in jazz, is still maintaining a low profile, moving along his idiosyncratic, personal path with firm conviction, dedication, and an inner peace. The guy who set big band arranging on its ear with his 1947 chart of *Four Brothers* for Woody Herman took a very different route from most of the saxophonists in that august assemblage called The Second Herd (or, indeed, The Four Brothers Band). Instead of following the main stream, Giuffre went up the cooler creeks of composition, closely brushing classical and Third Stream. Along the way he has delivered enlightenment, but garnered little limelight.

Complaints that Giuffre can't swing and lacks chops hold water if to swing means to coast on ride cymbals firing off rote licks and top chops means biting your way through a #5 reed to hurl arpeggiated changes at your listeners. Neither polemical nor a complainer, Giuffre defended his penchant for "easy" tempos and low decibels: "It has been said that when jazz gets soft it loses its gusto and funkiness. It is my feeling that soft jazz can retain the basic flavor and intensity that it has at louder volume and at the same time perhaps reveal some new dimensions of feeling that loudness obscures."

Over the years Giuffre has in fact been consistently one of the handful of musicians exploring his own backwaters of what's new, especially regarding

innovative roles for rhythm players. His 1954 quartet with trumpeter Jack Sheldon was the first since Gerry Mulligan's without a piano (or guitar), and his 1958-61 trio with Jim Hall and Bob Brookmeyer was probably the first working group in jazz with neither bass nor drums. The handful of recordings Giuffre made with Shorty Rogers and Shelly Manne (Contemporary, 1954) broke trio form, tapped tone rows and canons for material, and used drums as a melody instrument. A later trio with Paul Bley and Steve Swallow (1958-63) extended the polarities of freedom and structure, simple and complex, written and improvised in what is certainly one of the first "free" bands in jazz. One recorded solo with Shorty Rogers' quintet (Atlantic, 1957) pushed to a logical end idol Lester Young's breathy clarinet style—it was nothing but sculptured air.



Just as he only very cautiously crept up the range of clarinet as he gained in chops and confidence on the instrument, so Giuffre has slowly but surely expanded his firepower over the years, so that he now plays more horns (six) in equal rotation than anyone except perhaps his heavy listener Anthony Braxton. On them all Giuffre favors a rather soft attack, modest approach, equable and resilient tone, and a true

composer's perspicacity toward improvisation. By his own admission Giuffre has made only one "blowing" album, and that rather self-consciously entitled *Ad Lib* (Verve, 1957). A careful craftsman as a composer, he goes "back over every line I write to live it and try to be sure it sounds like something you'd blow."

The bass flute in Giuffre's hands today has that haunting, pastoral quality and burry, willowy sound that he first achieved on clarinet. Clarinet was Giuffre's first instrument for six years, and his only one (the low A model) through the early '60s. Of his early years he tells: "There were no instruments in my family, but my mother heard that kids should play them, so she got me a clarinet when I was nine. It was an Eb because my fingers couldn't cover the holes on a

played a stage show on Saturday nights with dancers, magicians, and Nancy Gates [the actress] who was 15 at the time. We played sorority and fraternity dances for \$2.50 a night. Dr. Wilfred C. Bain was Dean of Music; two years later he went to Indiana University and founded that great department.

"When the rest of us went into the Army, Gene Hall, altoist and arranger, stayed on and got the first PhD in jazz in America, got the Lab Band into the curriculum, and built the reputation of stage bands all over the country. They're really jazz bands, but the name stuck. Today, Denton has \$6 million facilities for music and at least eight full-sized lab bands. Go to school there, and you'll end up with Woody, Buddy, or another name band for sure."

Herman and Rich were in Giuffre's near future, and he hopped there with a little help from his old house-

his chart in 1947; he joined the band only in 1949 when—backstage at the Paramount when he was with Buddy Rich—Woody fired Zoot for jamming during his rest period, and Jimmy and Zoot traded chairs on the spot.

Meanwhile, Giuffre had commenced his long study with L.A. mystic and composer Wesley LaViolette, who like one of Giuffre's other favorite composers, Frederick Delius, and like Giuffre himself, is a composer with "untraceable roots." It was LaViolette, world traveler and student of Eastern philosophy, who nurtured Giuffre's penchant for the Oriental aesthetic. Giuffre says of him: "He was very tall and striking, with the aura of a holy man. His unique approach to line writing and his 'Slow Motion Counterpoint' allowed you to view pieces from a long distance. He had a very personal, if not really innovative style." Giuffre studied with him from 1946-60, and visited him subsequently, carrying new compositions, whenever he went to L.A. (Giuffre played me one of LaViolette's orchestral compositions and what struck me most were the rich timbres and the strength and beauty of the melodic lines.)

Mark Rossi, Giuffre's current pianist, is especially aware of Giuffre's Eastern spirituality. "Jimmy has that deep center which emanates out. LaViolette once told him he had a protective aura of 25 feet around him and no harm could come to him. He doesn't sit down and listen to Indian music for hours like I do, but he's into the aesthetic and can bring it over into jazz. He has us work on horn phrasing like a Tibetan would have you bring up an om, organically, like his [former] huffing and puffing to go up a quarter-tone each month above middle C on his clarinet. He's into nature, understands tree worship, and has kept branching and growing. He's also into all forms of music, like contemporary and electronic, and he puts it to his own use, like Miles."

Giuffre, who commutes to the Conservatory in Boston twice weekly during the school year from his home (The Stone Mill in West Stockbridge, on the New York State border), made the trek twice in July to see Miles Davis and Weather Report. At least geographically a Texas tenor, Giuffre derived his prime inspiration from Lester Young, and says he loves all the great tenor masters. "I heard Lester Young with Teddy Wilson and Billie Holiday and liked the coolness, the relaxed lyrical sound. I liked his earlier things, like the vintage Basie sides, rather than the Aladdin sessions. He changed mouthpieces, I know, and his sound was more soggy than solid. I also feel very close—in time and ideas—to Gene



ANDY FREIBERG/ENCORE

Bb. I was in marching bands 12 years through high school, college, and the Army.

"I was in [virtually] the first stage band there ever was back at North Texas State in Denton, 1938 through '42. Herb Ellis, Gene Roland, Harry Babasin, and I all lived in an eight-room house. Herb came from Farmersville, the 'Onion Center of the World.' They called it 'stage band' because we

mates. "Herb and Harry were 4F, so Herb went out with Jimmy Dorsey, and pulled me a job there later. Harry went out with Barnet and Krupa, and got me arranging for Boyd Raeburn." Giuffre also logged time in the bands of Gene Roland and Spade Cooley, king of c&w swing, and wrote lots of arrangements. He was not one of the Four Brothers (Serge Chaloff, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, and Herbie Steward) that first played

**JIMMY GIUFFRE
SELECTED
DISCOGRAPHY**

as a leader

GIUFFRE/KONITZ/CONNORS/BLEY—IAI
37.38.59

RIVER CHANT—Choice 1011

MUSIC FOR PEOPLE, BIRDS, BUTTERFLIES,
AND MOSQUITOES—Choice 1001

TRIO CONCERT—Unique Jazz UJ-18

TANGENTS IN JAZZ—Affinity AFF-60

TENORS WEST—GNP Crescendo 9040E

out of print

FREE FALL—Columbia CL 1964

THESIS—Verve V-8402

FUSION—Verve V-8397

AD LIB—Verve V-8361

WESTERN SUITE—Atlantic 1330

THE FOUR BROTHERS SOUND—Atlantic
1295

with Woody Herman

40TH ANNIVERSARY AT CARNEGIE HALL—
RCA BGL2-2203

with Shorty Rogers

WEST COAST JAZZ—Atlantic (Germany) ATL
50247

CLICKIN' WITH CLAX—Atlantic (England) K
50481

with Paul Bley

QUIET SONG—IAI 37.38.39

Ammons and Yusef Lateef. And for time and sound, Sonny Rollins is all you could ask for."

Three tenors, a bari, and trumpet had shown up for the year's final class in Improvisational Ensemble that Giuffre teaches in the bowels of New England Conservatory, and they were blowing a student chart of Dexter Gordon's Fenja. Bassist and drummer were no-shows because of exams, so the guitarist had to carry the walking bass line, and he was flagging. Giuffre, not daunted for lack of rhythm instruments, cut it mid-chorus and turned the proceedings around with one of his little humorous anecdotes.

"This tune is what they call a loper," said Giuffre, with his remnant of a Texas drawl. "I remember once as a kid in Dallas riding this jackass down at Revershon Park. His name was Loper, and he walked like this." Giuffre's finely chiseled features immediately went bug-eyed and goofy-mouthed, and he shambled bowlegged for a few paces in his Calvin Klein jeans and turtleneck, bobbing his head like it was goose-greased. This got a rise, then he made his point: "Nothing you could say or do would make that donkey change his speed or gait. I learned from a bassist named Joe Mondragon, who'd place each note of a line with a nod of his head, and it worked." The next run-through was a little bit spunkier and steadier.

(Giuffre's keen eye and ear for lessons to be learned from nature provide the source of inspiration for many of his later compositions. His 1973 album, whimsically entitled *Music For People, Birds, Butterflies, And Mosquitoes*—with a cover painting by his

wife, Juanita—sets flute celebrations of a sprightly mosquito, warbling bird, and fluttering butterfly in very Oriental moods, frequently using a drone bass. More recent from his pen is a galumphing bluesy *Elephant*, and those skittering *Squirrels*, but a slapdash *Ring-Tailed Monkey* and brisk *Chirpin' Time* go way back to his 1955 quartet with Jack Sheldon and Shelly Manne.)

New England Conservatory has been a fine place for individualist jazz composers since the tenure of Gunther Schuller established Afro-American and Third Stream Departments. "What we're doing at the Conservatory is offering a creative approach," says Giuffre, "based on personal viewpoint, not an aligned front." Thus a Giuffre lesson in jazz phrasing with a classical violinist turns many aphorisms in musical philosophy: "Jazz is playing the way it's not supposed to be on paper . . . Jazz phrasing is right on the brink of being corny, and it's a narrow edge . . . Music has its own humor written right into it; it can't be played seriously . . . The trick is to stay out of the way of the beat, otherwise you're



ANDY FREIBERG/CORE

inhibiting the movement."

Also there are opportunities to conduct crackerjack student ensembles without recording company compromises and the commercial world's crass hurry. On the podium Giuffre lifts the groups through long fluid phrases, mugs ominously to draw a big crescendo from the brass, instigates riffs with his agile, clear soprano, and brings life into some stiff student charts.

Then there are chances to meet with old friends like George Russell and John Lewis: "George and I have been running side-by-side ever since the Modern Jazz Concert commissioned by Brandeis University in 1956. I wrote *Suspensions* and he wrote *All About Rosie*. Teddy Charles commissioned us to write for his tentet album on Atlantic; George wrote *Lydiot, me The Quiet Time*. Our philosophy has been similar: looking for a personal creative

**JIMMY GIUFFRE'S
EQUIPMENT**

In 1930 Jimmy Giuffre picked up his first horn, an Eb clarinet, an instrument he has since dropped. He started playing his Buffet Bb clarinet in 1936, adding a Selmer Super tenor saxophone the next year. In '47 he started on alto sax, adding bari in 1953, later dropping both horns. A Jeffroy A clarinet was a '56 addition. The '60s saw Giuffre on a Powell C flute and a George Opperman Wide-Bore bass flute. A Conn Ring Model soprano sax came in in '75, and just this year he took up a George Opperman piccolo.

Giuffre on ligatures: "Screws make the reed contact uneven. I use lengths of expandable watchband cord. That holds the reed quietly in place without dampening the vibration."

On reeds: "Your own reeds can last for years. If you shave a reed down to where it's just right now, it'll wear out quickly. If, when you're finishing them, you stop short of perfect and play them in, they'll last for years. When you're getting a beautiful sound—but it's too hard to play them—stop right there."

Giuffre uses mouthpieces made by Kal Opperman of New York City on both clarinets and saxophones. Kal's brother George, in South Bend, IN, makes Giuffre's bass flute, piccolo, and an alto flute he's yet to pick up.

music without addressing ourselves to the common market." (Giuffre is married to Russell's ex-wife Juanita; Giuffre's study format is codified, whereas Russell's is theorized; Russell brought a fine bottle of champagne to Giuffre's 60th birthday party [April 26], imbibed over hot curry at Mark Rossi's apartment.)

Trim and agile, Giuffre is a cheerful, sincere, well-spoken man. Massachusetts seems to be getting along with him a bit better than New York. "I am most susceptible to my surroundings," says Giuffre. "I feel that it seeps into your bones, all through your body. New York does it another way—through your nerves. It's hard for a musician to find the right setting in the city."

He recalled the days when Stephanie and Phil Barber's Music Inn was flourishing in the Berkshires (near Tanglewood, MA) and was a summer mecca where jazz artists convened. (Giuffre is on two Atlantic albums from those late-'50s summers, one with the MJQ, the other with Pee Wee Russell and others.) "Lenox had a magical quality in those days. The surroundings were very beautiful and friendly, conducive to relaxed creativity. My group was going well; I had fine rapport with John Lewis; we roomed together, taught, then we'd have dinner on that big veranda overlooking the trees and talk about music."

Giuffre considers himself fortunate to have found his present home in the village of West Stockbridge (MA), an 18th century stone mill on a bubbling brook with an enormous L-shaped high-raftered living room. There, equidistant from Boston and New York but

continued on page 72

RECORD REVIEWS

★★★★★ EXCELLENT
 ★★★★★ VERY GOOD
 ★★★ GOOD
 ★★ FAIR
 ★ POOR

MAX ROACH

CHATTAAHOOCHEE RED—Columbia FC 37376: *THE DREAM/IT'S TIME; I REMEMBER CLIFFORD; REACH FOR IT; LONESOME LOVER; WEFÉ (WE-FAY); SIX BITS BLUES; 'ROUND MIDNIGHT; RED RIVER ROAD; GIANT STEPS; CHATTAAHOOCHEE RED.*

Personnel: Roach, drums, chimes, timpani, percussion; Calvin Hill, bass; Cecil Bridgewater, trumpet, flugelhorn; Odean Pope, tenor saxophone, alto flute, oboe; Walter Bishop Jr., piano (cut 5).

★★★★★

CONVERSATIONS—Milestone M-47061: *SPEAK, BROTHER, SPEAK; A VARIATION; YOU STEPPED OUT OF A DREAM; FILIDE; IT'S YOU OR NO ONE; JODIE'S CHA CHA; DEEDS, NOT WORDS; LARRY LARUE; CONVERSATION.*

Personnel: Roach, drums; Clifford Jordan (cuts 1,2), George Coleman (3-8), tenor saxophone; Mal Waldron, piano (1,2); Eddie Khan, (1,2), Art Davis (3-8), bass; Booker Little, trumpet (3-8); Ray Draper, tuba (3-8).

★★★★★

Chattahoochee Red, the first domestic release documenting Max Roach's current quartet, is a package of diversified tunes bitingly played and cleanly engineered. The album's 40 minutes actually seem longer because of density in presentation. Similar in plan to Roach's 1979 Italian-issue *Pictures In A Frame* (Horo), the more successful *Chattahoochee* collects half-a-score of compositional miniatures with dexterous cat's-paw arrangements, most timing in at about three minutes. There are fresh-sounding interpretations of standards by Benny Golson, Monk, and Coltrane alongside haiku-lean pieces penned by quartet members, including Roach's tart evocation of Ellington's "jungle band" and especially the Bubber Miley growl trumpet via Cecil Bridgewater's coda (*Six Bits Blues*).

Roach's opener, *The Dream/It's Time* (the album's longest cut at eight minutes), recalls the period when jazz battled for social justice. The performance unfolds by collage, alternating deft tonal shadings from Roach's unaccompanied traps with excerpts from Martin Luther King's "I still have a dream" oration. Harking back to the drummer's *We Insist—Freedom Now Suite*, *The Dream* reminds us that, here and now, perhaps only Roach can bring off this commentary about equal rights: he strikes the necessary balance between chops and total credibility. Dr. King declaims, "thank God Almighty we're free at last," and the quartet rallies abreast its leader for a hammering anthem that musically rebounds the speaker's final words to solos by Bridgewater's peppery upper-cutting trumpet and Odean Pope's tenor saxophone.



Growling initially in low register, Pope's horn soon spins out long arpeggiated lines of sinewy determination.

By contrast, the title song closes out with an impressionistic essay on social justice lamenting the murders of Atlanta's black children. Bridgewater's seven-minute sectional piece is the other tour de force on a record of muscular miniatures. Arco bass and timpani sound a timeless spiritual strain backed by warm oboe and brass. Chimes ghostly etch the theme, after which the quartet plays ensemble fanfares promising imminent modal flight. Abruptly, Hill's walking bass introduces an all-too-short gorgeous group line.

The shorter cuts for their part transmit incisive emotional messages. The snipping no-notes-wasted approach exacts sacrifices, however. Calvin Hill's eloquent bowing faded on *Chattahoochee*'s parting theme, and Bridgewater's plangent flugelhorn brimming with melody aborted on *Wefé* are casualties of concision. Solos are pithy yet squeezed by space throughout. After consecutive LPs of kindred format, let's hope for a live set to allow ample stretching out for this superlative quartet.

Conversations reissues two sessions involving groups assembled after Roach's landmark quintet with Clifford Brown. Dating from 1958, the original Riverside release *Deeds, Not Words* rewards interest especially for 20-year-old Booker Little's presence in a pianoless quintet with tuba added. By October 5, 1961 Little would be dead of uremia, the same year as twin studio albums under his leadership and his powerful

contribution to Eric Dolphy's Five Spot recordings appeared. *Deeds* possesses added dimension, then, for its place in the Little discography. One of the compositions, *Larry Larue*, whose keen angular harmonies anticipate Dolphy's own writing, was even contributed by the trumpeter.

Although *Deeds'* arrangements are uniformly bright and tasteful, *You Stepped Out Of A Dream* qualifies as a classic. Done tongue-in-cheek, it receives a languid latin start in the Cugat manner until a peppy vamp slingshots George Coleman's tenor into 4/4. As if in wry acknowledgement of the vamp which leads into his solo, Little eases his way in repeating a five-note morsel of the theme, later to descend Brownie-like from high register with clear-as-a-bell articulation. Here, as elsewhere on *Deeds*, Little's long ribboning phrases make his merger of bold ideas and steady technique seem like a breeze. The date has plenty to recommend it: Ray Draper's tuba solo (*Filide*) is a delight, as is Roach's subtle layering of rhythms on the solo track *Conversation*. But Little's short-lived instrumental voice is ultimately the one that compels.

The second album, originally released as *Speak, Brother, Speak*, captures a testifying 1962 quartet at the Jazz Workshop making stimulating use of long forms (the blues and a minimal scalar line) and shifting Mingus-like meters and tempos. Long solos preached by each member of the group "mirror," in Roach's words, "street rallies and meetings" in the politically maturing '60s ghettos. A standout is Clifford Jordan's shouting excursion on tenor (*A Variation*) developed from

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the spare theme's descending line. Mal Waldron makes provocative if characteristic use of stretching out time on *Speak*: the wobbly jabbing attack leaves space unfilled while repetitive chord patterns evolve. The boogie-woogie allusions make you suspect that Waldron's unique linear style is "captioned" at all times—even when an immediate reference is not apparent.

Social awareness combined with reverence for the jazz past are common threads that bind *Chattahoochee Red* to *Conversations*. His M'Boom percussion choir's latest workouts, as well as the recent duets with Archie Shepp and Anthony Braxton, suggest Max Roach's talent to be a renewable resource into the future. —peter kostakis

MANHATTAN TRANSFER

MECCA FOR MODERNS—Atlantic SD 16036; *ON THE BOULEVARD*; *BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY*; *(WANTED) DEAD OR ALIVE*; *SPIES IN THE NIGHT*; *SMILE AGAIN*; *UNTIL I MET YOU (CORNER POCKET)*; *(THE WORD OF) CONFIRMATION*; *KAFKA*; *A NIGHTINGALE SANG IN BERKELEY SQUARE*.
Personnel: Janis Siegel, Tim Hauser, Alan Paul, Cheryl Bentley, vocals; Jerry Hey, trumpet; Don Roberts, Tom Scott, Richie Cole, reeds; Victor Feldman, David Foster, Greg Mathieson, Mike Boddiker, Yaron Gershovsky, Milcho Leviev, Steve George, keyboards; Jay Graydon, Steve Lukather, Dean Parks, Al Viola, guitars; Abraham Laboriel, bass; Steve Gadd, Mike Baird, drums; Andy Norell, Alex Acuna, percussion; Jon Hendricks, vocal (cut 7).

★ ★ ★ ★

So why abandon a good thing? The success that greeted Manhattan Transfer's *Extensions* (and the hit *Birdland*) in 1980 has carried into 1981 (with a Grammy award and down beat critics and readers awards for Best Vocal Group) and is certain to be carried on with *Mecca For Moderns*, an album with different ingredients but basically the same formula.

Mecca in this case is a little something for every kind of modern, whether it is jazz, calypso, doo-wop, or funk. This is another sampler from the group, and while it has its peaks, it might be time for Manhattan Transfer to delve a little more deeply into a single one of their multiple genres. My vote would be for the jazz group vocal that hasn't been adequately filled since Lambert, Hendricks and Ross stopped recording. That may show a prejudice, but, trying to be objective now, *Corner Pocket* is the most accomplished piece on *Mecca For Moderns*. It scrupulously follows the 1950s Basie arrangement, recreating with note-for-note vocals the sassy solos of trumpeters Joe Newman and Thad Jones and tenor saxophonist Frank Wess. Janis Siegel and Cheryl Bentley perceptively recreate Newman and Jones' nuances and pass the baton as deftly as the trumpeters did in their original shared solo spot.

The other bow to mainstream jazz here is a cover of Eddie Jefferson's vocal version of *Confirmation*. While the late Jefferson wrote

lyrics as a paean to Charlie Parker, Manhattan Transfer plays this one for Eddie, bringing in Richie Cole. Jefferson's former partner, for an alto solo (Jon Hendricks also scats through a chorus).

The rest of the album has mixed success. A softly molded arrangement of *A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square* has the four vocalists singing a cappella, but the bridge between that and *Confirmation* is a toss-off called *Kafka*, which has little form but lots of electronics (it seems to play the same role that *Coo Coo U* did on the previous album). There is a politically directed calypso, *(Wanted) Dead Or Alive*, that takes shots at Anastasio Somoza, the Shah of Iran, and other auspicious leaders of the time, moving without break into *Spies In The Night*, a sure-fire theme song if *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* is ever revived, and just a lot of fun to hear. Add another ballad, some more funk, and a bit of pop r&b, and you have the completed formula for another winner.

—r. bruce dold

RUFUS REID

PERPETUAL STROLL—Theresa TR 111: *PERPETUAL STROLL*; *WALTZ FOR DORIS*; *ONE FINGER SNAP*; *NO PLACE IS THE END OF THE WORLD*; *HABIBA*; *TRICROTISM*.
PERSONNEL: Reid, bass; Kirk Lightsey, piano; Eddie Gladden, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GARY PEACOCK

SHIFT IN THE WIND—ECM-1-1165: *SO GREEN*; *FRACTIONS*; *LAST FIRST*; *SHIFT IN THE WIND*; *CENTERS*; *CAVERNS BENEATH THE ZOTH*; *VALENTINE*.
PERSONNEL: Peacock, bass; Art Lande, piano; Eliot Zigmund, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

Rufus Reid's album represents a logical modern extension of the classic jazz piano trio—a format that flourished in the 1950s and reached a transcendent pinnacle in the work of Bill Evans, Scott LaFaro, and Paul Motian. The music here swings hard, and the compositions (three of them written by Reid) are firmly rooted in bebop harmonies. This is no surprise—Reid, Lightsey, and Gladden spent a couple of years working as Dexter Gordon's rhythm section.

Although both Lightsey and Gladden are heard to excellent advantage, the album is clearly a showcase for the superb playing of Rufus Reid. His work here is a virtual catalog of modern bass technique, tempered by his infallible musicianship. The man has taste. He opens *Waltz For Doris* with a tour de force display of double-stops and harmonics, but his solo is a strong, simple melodic statement. Like Charlie Haden, Reid has mastered the art of packing tremendous intensity into a few well-chosen notes. All of Reid's solos begin with articulate melodic statements that are logically developed and extended. His rhythm and intonation are nearly flawless, and he draws a sound from his instrument that is consistently full.

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**RECORD
REVIEWS**

Although most modern bassists like to range high on the fingerboard, Reid is one of the very few who can play the thumb positions with solid tone and good intonation. He closes the album with a solo interpretation of Oscar Pettiford's *Tricotism*, a tune originally recorded by O.P. in 1956 with the Lucky Thompson Trio. Reid gives the tune an inventive updating, using well-placed chords and harmonics to fill out the sound, while remaining faithful to the impeccable rhythm and deep feeling that characterized Pettiford's work.

The Peacock album is a very different expression of modern jazz. It is not "in the tradition"—or, more precisely, it is in a different tradition: the new tradition of quiet, formal "chamber jazz." There is a great concern with space and silence in this music, and it often bridges the gap between jazz and modern classical music. Viewed in this light, *Shift In The Wind* is a very fine piece of work. The music ranges from strictly composed sections to long stretches of sparse group improvisation. There is an emphasis on texture, and particularly on mixtures of high-pitched sounds: cymbals, harmonics, string squeaks, upper-register piano notes, and some unique whistling sounds. There is a type of musical image-making at work here not unlike that developed by the Impressionist composers. It is wonderfully evocative, when it works—the punctuated bursts of *Last First* suggest fireworks exploding in a dark sky, the descending lines and eerie silences of *Caverns Beneath The Zoth* evoke a spelunking expedition, and the ominous build-up of *Shift In The Wind* is a perfect portrait of the prelude to a storm. Not all of the pieces are as successful as these, though, and there are some tedious moments of group groping.

Within the context of this music, Gary Peacock's bass takes on an unusual role. Largely ignoring the usual concerns of time-keeping and harmonic support, Peacock's bass is often the lead instrument, playing intros, stating primary themes, and soloing extensively. He often engages in dialogs with Lande's piano, with Zigmund adding fills and coloration.

Peacock is an avid student of the East, and his playing on this album acts as a yang to the yin of Lande and Zigmund. The piano and drums often set up placid rhythmic figures or shimmering backdrops; Peacock's active bass crackles with tense energy. This contrast is evident immediately on the first cut, *So Green*, as Peacock's energetic bass part builds against the simple vamp figure played by Lande. Peacock continues in a similar vein throughout, often soloing in vivid bursts of notes that are separated by long rests. His sound is big but it has a sharp cutting edge, and he exploits microtonality very effectively. While he avoids obvious "Oriental" clichés, Peacock's playing imparts an undeniable Eastern flavor to much of the music—a paradoxical contrast to the supposed "European" sound of ECM. (These guys are all Americans, anyway.) Peacock's distinctive sound and playing style illustrate another dimension of modern bass playing.

—jim roberts

JOHNNY LYTLE

FAST HANDS—Muse MR 5185: *SISTER SILVER; TOMORROW; BRIGHTNESS; BEIN' GREEN; THE MAN; BLUES TO BE THERE.*
Personnel: Lytle, vibes, percussion; Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Mickey Tucker, keyboards; Mervyn Bronson, bass; Idris Muhammad, drums; Larry Killian, congas, percussion; Fred Miller, percussion (cut 2).

★ ★ ★

JAY HOGGARD

RAIN FOREST—Contemporary 14007: *REVEREND LIBRA; JAMMIN' IN THE SUNSHINE; SAO PABLO; GOD WILL GUIDE; THE GUIDING SPIRIT; RAIN FOREST.*
Personnel: Hoggard, vibraphone, marimba, talking drum, balafon, tambourine, maracas; Chico Freeman, clarinet, bass clarinet, soprano, tenor saxophone; Kenny Kirkland, acoustic, electric piano, clavinet; Roland Bautista, guitar; John Koenig, guitar, cello; Francisco Centeno, bass; Harvey Mason, drums; Paulinho Da Costa, Jose Goico, percussion; Sybil Thomas, Maxayn Lewis, Patryce Banks, vocals (cuts 2, 4).

★ ★ ★ 1/2

BOBBY HUTCHERSON

MEDINA—Blue Note LT-1086: *AVIS; COMES SPRING; DAVE'S CHANT; ORIENTALE; MEDINA; UNGANO.*
Personnel: Hutcherson, vibes; Harold Land, flute, tenor saxophone; Stanley Cowell, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Joe Chambers, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ 1/2

GARY BURTON

EASY AS PIE—ECM-1-1184: *REACTIONARY TANGO; TWEAK; BLAME IT ON MY YOUTH; SUMMER BAND CAMP; ISFAHAN; STARDANCER.*
Personnel: Burton, vibes; Jim Ofgren, alto saxophone; Steve Swallow, bass; Mike Hyman, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

In the January 4, 1962 issue of *db* there appeared a definitive article entitled "Jazz Vibes: Three Eras." The author was Don DeMicheal, the magazine's editor, himself a vibist and drummer. In his analysis DeMicheal traced two dominant schools of vibes playing: percussive (founded by Lionel Hampton) and pianistic (founded by Red Norvo). By the late '40s Terry Gibbs and Milt Jackson had emerged as the second generation of percussive and pianistic standard-bearers. In the third generation, conceptual distinctions blurred as cross-pollination took place.

Of the vibists reviewed here, only one, Burton (who was 18 years old in 1962), was mentioned by DeMicheal. The author spoke of Burton's originality reflecting neither school. But Burton's approach is pianistic, in the sense that the piano is an orchestral

instrument—and Burton's four-mallet concept is decidedly orchestral. Hutcherson, Hoggard, and Lytle are from the percussive school—in varying degrees. Lee Underwood, in a 1979 *db* article, places Hutcherson next after Jackson in the historical lineage of influential vibists. Indeed, Hutcherson's post-bop style set the pace for many of today's mallet craftsmen, including Hoggard. Lytle, on the other hand, harkens back to Hamp.

Throughout *Fast Hands* Lytle's drummed notes, percussively flying lines, and repeated motives follow a locked-in, danceable groove established by the rock-solid team of Muhammad, Bronson, and Killian. The leader dominates the session excessively. The pop tune *Tomorrow* and Lytle's *Brightness*, a fast jazz waltz, belong exclusive to the vibist. *Bein' Green* is vibes all the way, except for Tucker's electric piano bridge. The pianist fares better on Lytle's *The Man*, where he gets in an acoustic piano solo full of skittering runs and buoyantly percussive chords. Producer Person's gritty, sermonizing tenor appears here and on Ellington's slow *Blues To Be There* and the vibist's swinging *Sister Silver*. More of Person's barrel-chested maneuverings and Tucker's bright lines would have better balanced this album. As it is, the record transmits a good rhythmic feeling from the ensemble and from each soloist. Lytle doesn't pace his solos for any overall

climactic improvisational drama, but instead plays catchy, funk-oriented riffs and lines. A cooking, bluesy set.

Hoggard's *Rain Forest*, too, reflects a contemporary soulfulness. It, however, boasts stronger program qualities than *Fast Hands*. It visits the Caribbean (*Reverend Libra, Jammin'*), the Southern church (*God Will Guide*), South America (*Sao Pablo, The Guiding Spirit*), and Africa (*Rain Forest*). The emphasis is on Hoggard's six compositions and the architectural curve of the ensemble's performances. The solos are largely self-effacing. Hoggard releases his improvisations little-by-little for maximum savory effect.

The Guiding Spirit, a Hutcherson-like line, and *Sao Pablo*, a fast samba, capture the truest jazz spirit. On the former, the vibist's counter-rhythms and marimba-like tone recall Cal Tjader. Freeman has his strongest solo here, too, a churning, mod-gruff outing on tenor. Elsewhere, the fine woodwind artist (and Trane heir apparent) appears under wraps; as a popping tenor flash on the Ayers-funked *Reverend Libra*, as a Sunday-suit slick preacher on the gospelish *God Will Guide*, and as a complementary ensemble soprano voice on *Sao Pablo* and *Rain Forest*. Meanwhile, pianist Kirkland is intriguing and shows a range of skills from delicate linear lilt to springy chordal accenting. The vocalists enhance *God Will Guide* and *Jammin'* with hymn-like harmo-

nies. Elsewhere, there are other sweetenings—from the percussionists (particularly tropical on the title cut), the electronic instrumentalists, and the sound engineer. All in all, *Rain Forest* is an attractive, sunny, pop-flavored package.

If the Lytle and Hoggard albums portray ensemble rhythmic trends of the 1970s and '80s, Hutcherson's album, recorded in 1969 and containing previously unreleased material, sums up much of the jazz of the '60s. There are modal-shifting melodies, an aggressively responsive rhythm section, Coltrane harmonies and solo patterns, expansive spiritual overtones, and probing ensemble interplay throughout.

Hutcherson's commanding technique appears as a vehicle for broader musical statements. Clearly audible are his ringing tones, percussive trills, pentatonic plunges and ascending spirals, drone-hinged melodic build-ups, and internal threads of tension and relaxation, but, above all, there is a driving, over-arching purpose to his solos—and to his writing, represented here by the spikey *Avis* and the music-box ballad *Comes Spring*.

Cowell penned *Dave's Chant*, which mixes 6/8 and 4/4, and *Orientele*, a stately melody voiced by Land's flute over an irregular stop-time in the rhythm section. Land's flute tone is thin, but his improvisational ideas are good. On tenor, he is outstanding. Chambers' *Medina* and

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Ungano boast Land's best playing. The former is a complex series of melodic sequences, which inspires the saxophonist in the direction of Trane—whiplashing lines, upper-register cries, and modal-stepping arpeggios. Ungano's coolly lyrical latin feeling features the tenorist's airy, light and dark streaked flurries. The rhythm section, spurred by Chambers' rolling thunder, cruises at 90 mph, changes directions on a hairpin, lurks quietly, and flares up spontaneously—all in the right places. Cowell solos with that patented Blue Note, Silver/Hancock funk-percussive touch and sound. Bassist Johnson crisscrosses the implied time zones with shadowy runs.

Burton's record is a mixed bag of old and new resonances. The vibist, as usual, is flawless. Bassist Swallow, surely one of the most supportive musicians in the business, works hand-in-glove with the others. Hyman projects a loose, fluid motion, different from Roy Haynes' beautiful bop chatter on earlier Burton sessions, but comfortable, nevertheless. Odgren's style seems composed of disparate elements. His tone and vibrato recall Dave Sanborn's ubiquitous keening soulfulness. You expect his lines to burn with a blue flame and to bristle with boppish mordents and shadings. Not so. They are rhapsodic, even-flowing, and almost classical in their dynamic shape. Instead of a dotted-eighth and 16th-note rhythmic impetus, there is a European feeling to his note placement and metric values. Fortunately, these elements work well when they are applied to difficult harmonic changes, and Burton's repertoire is most challenging in its technical demands.

Mick Goodrick's Summer Band Camp is a light, summer's mood melody. Burton's orchestral improvising here contains internal peaks bolstered by Swallow's counterpointing bass. More telepathic interplay detonates the performances of Chick Corea's Stardancer and Tweek. The latter is a fast-paced line and features a beautifully recorded drum solo. Carla Bley's long Reactionary Tango shows Swallow's finest style replete with guitar-like strums, ingeniously fragmented phrasing, and a high runs/low drone self-duet. Has anyone else made the electric bass flow as smoothly and as clearly? The Ellington/Strayhorn beauty Isfahan and Blame It On My Youth, a solo vehicle for Burton, are ballad performances of high sensitivity. Here, as everywhere, the vibist swings, touches base lightly with the blues, and keeps his musical elements in constant motion. The metallic network of his solos is solidly grounded in form and tradition.

—owen cordle

DOLLAR BRAND/ JOHNNY DYANI

ECHOES FROM AFRICA—Inner City IC3019: *NAMHANJE (TODAY)*; *LAKUTSHONILANGA (WHEN THE SUN SETS)*; *SAUD (DEDICATED TO MCCOY TYNER)*; *ZIKR (REMEMBRANCE OF ALLAH)*. **Personnel:** Brand (Abdullah Ibrahim), piano, vocal; Dyani, bass, vocal.

★ ★ ★ ★

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established with an attractive chant in an African dialect, by Brand and Dyani. This leads into a simple, repeated piano vamp, with the voices continuing, almost as added instruments. Despite the foreign words, one feels an eloquent story is being told, at times moaning, other times distinctly conversational, and then moving into a crescendo of joy. Brand's piano playing is at its most lyrical and poetic in this music, his right hand delineating his fertile imagination while his left hand keeps up a hypnotic bass line. Now and again he'll move into an out-of-tempo sequence, subtly changing the flavor—but always maintaining that left hand vamp. This evocative piece, *Namhanje (Today)*, takes up the entire first side, and is alternately transporting, mesmerising, and highly spirited.

Side two contains three tracks, the first of which is the only non-original, written by Mackay Davashe. It is on this side that the prodigious talents of bassist Johnny Dyani are best displayed. Dyani is a fellow South African, now living in Europe, and favored by many American expatriate jazz musicians. *Lakutshonilanga* is a pensive, ballad-like tune, using voices to faintly echo the theme. *Saud (Dedicated To McCoy Tyner)* is also slow and rather introspective, not unlike some of Tyner's work. There is the feeling here that the pianist and bassist are reading each other's thoughts, a subtle technique one often hears in such sympathetic duo performances. This cut in particular covers a wide range of emotions, from dark and somber through searching and explorative to positive exaltation and exultation. Through all this, there is a distinct sense of simplicity, with each note being valued and valuable. The closing *Zikr* is a soft-spoken prayer, both instrumentally and vocally, and offers an indication of where the predominantly black American gospel music emanated.

Echoes From Africa, one of a long line of superb works from Abdullah Ibrahim, comes across as a heartfelt dedication to the two participants' homeland, while possessing a strong allegiance to the concepts of their adopted millieu.

—frankie nemko-graham

BOBBY BRADFORD

WITH JOHN STEVENS AND THE SPONTANEOUS MUSIC ENSEMBLE, VOLUME ONE—Nessa N-17: *HIS MAJESTY LOUIS; BRIDGET'S MOTHER; ROOM 408; TOLERANCE/TO BOB.*

Personnel: Bradford, trumpet; Trevor Watts, alto saxophone; Bob Norden, trombone; Ron Herman, bass; Stevens, drums; Julie Tippets, vocals (cuts 2, 3, 4).

★ ★ ★ ★

Buyer, beware—this LP varies widely in quality, from five star trumpeting in the delightfully carefree *Louis* and *408* to some downright dull stuff, particularly in *Tolerance*; my rating is strictly a compromise. This set was recorded in England in 1971;

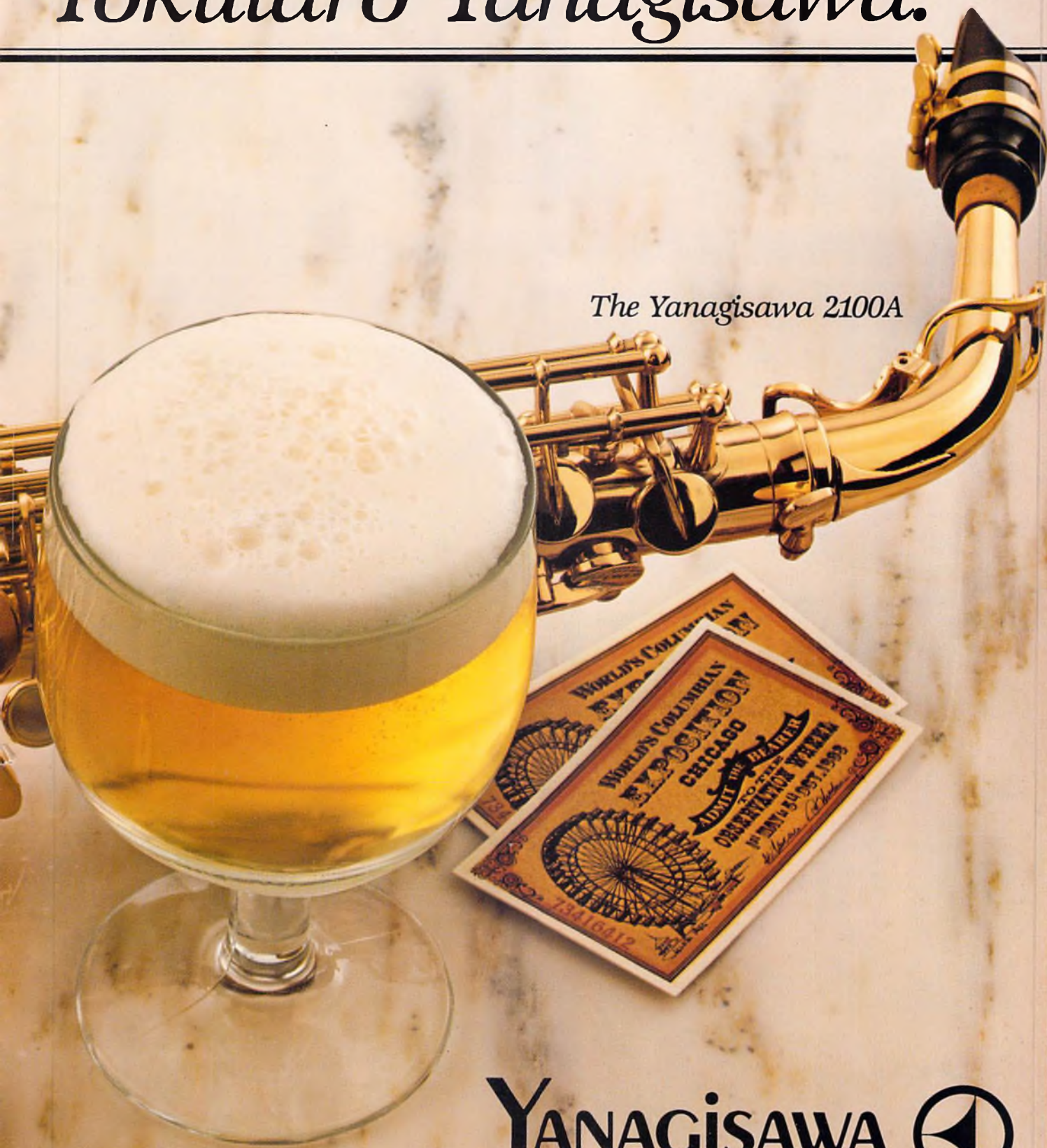
the jazz avant garde was still relatively new there then, and Stevens' series of Spontaneous Music Ensembles were among its most notable exponents. It was their good fortune to meet the American Bradford, who along with Don Cherry, had invented and defined the trumpet's role in the evolving new music while with Ornette Coleman's early groups. It was Bradford's good fortune to meet these five skillful players, so enthusiastically moved by the philosophical tenets of Coleman's music, and it's certainly our good fortune to have one of the rare recorded appearances of this master trumpeter. Actually, one track from this album appeared fleetingly in the mid-'70s on a small European release; presently, for the first time, this music is widely available.

Coleman's *Free Jazz*, in particular, first proposed this group's harmonically free idiom, bounded by tempo and especially by an obsession with motivic retrieval and variation. Perhaps such a thematic method seemed an inevitable choice for these British explorers: engaged as they were in re-inventing jazz, they required some kind of orientation within the new music. But thematic improvisation is only one of Coleman's techniques, and far from his most valuable: post-*Free Jazz* works were quick to demonstrate the relative limitations of that vision. Here, in *408*, superb ensemble improvising emerges from the bass and horns continually regrouping around Bradford; *Louis* even offers an unconscious Space Age simulation of classic New Orleans polyphony, right down to a trombone smear. Yet the frequency with which the others abandon their own investigations to second Bradford whenever he re-enters the ensemble is disturbing (especially in *Tolerance*). Despite some rewarding passages, the listener wishes for additional means of attaining ensemble unity.

Writing in *db*, Larry Kart once suggested that certain Texas musicians of Bradford and Coleman's generation, attuned to the freely expressed lines and sounds of Texas blues, first heard bebop in a completely original way—so their bebop efforts resulted naturally in radical innovations. Bradford's greatest originality is certainly his rhythmic sense, combining the poise of Kenny Dorham and the wide-open-spaces feeling of Buddy Tate and other Texas tenors. The spacing of his phrasing and his marvelous gobbling up of the beat are most immediate qualities; more subtle is his own personal tempo, which ebbs and flows, somehow maintaining a relationship with the group's tempo—imagine Lightning Hopkins playing a trumpet, while seated on a stove, at that. Thus even when phrase shapes are disjunct in *Louis* and *408*, his lines dance and sparkle; in addition, he's the one player here who develops thematic material. The best example is his improvising on two motives throughout *408*, but hear the final slow section of *Tolerance*, how his extended summary lends focus and depth to the entire work. If there's an air of experimentation about the rest of this group, Bradford, at least, demonstrates the importance of free principles through the liberation of his

year for Capt. Pabst, Tokutaro Yanagisawa.

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lyricism.

Stevens is an exciting accompanist when caught in the spirit of the moment (408, *Louis*, the faster tracks), less successful when he tries to guide ensemble flow (*Tolerance*). Norden and Herman are rather shy players, the latter committed to providing tempo except in a fine 408 passage when the drums lay out and 'bone and bass join Bradford in finely evolved improvising. Their spell is broken by Watts' entry, with gutbucket sound and phrasing that suggests a caveman trying to imitate Ornette Coleman. Watts is a nervous player, his conception is uncomfortably raw (his *Louis* "solo"

is a striking example), and time and again he seems to lurch blindly before taking shelter in seconding Bradford's melodies. There's an odd appeal about his impulsive, innocent energy that lasts beyond its immediate attraction.

Tippetts' ethereal sound and microtonal manipulations in the *Bridget's* head are interesting; her pecks and clucks and warbles are then the main line upon which two horns comment, Bradford quite skillfully. Her presence in *Tolerance*, apart from the funereal opening, adds a degree of low grade continuity to the densely textured ensemble.

—john litweiler

X

WILD GIFT—Slash-SR-107: *THE ONCE OVER TWICE; WE'RE DESPERATE; ADULT BOOKS; UNIVERSAL CORNER; I'M COMING OVER; IT'S WHO YOU KNOW; IN THIS HOUSE THAT I CALL HOME; SOME OTHER TIME; WHITE GIRL; BEYOND AND BACK; BACK 2 THE BASE; WHEN OUR LOVE PASSED OUT ON THE COUCH; YEAH 1.*
Personnel: Exene, vocals; John Doe, bass, vocals; Billy Zoom, guitar; D. J. Bonebrake, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

FLESH EATERS

A MINUTE TO PRAY A SECOND TO DIE—Ruby-JRR-101: *DIGGING MY GRAVE; PRAY TIL YOU SWEAT; RIVER OF FEAR; SATAN'S STOMP; SEE YOU IN THE BONEYARD; SO LONG; CYRANO DE BERGER'S BACK; DIVINE HORSEMAN.*
Personnel: David Alvin, guitar; John Doe, bass; Chris Desjardins, vocals, maracas; Steven Berlin, saxophone, rhythm sticks; D. J. Bonebrake, marimbas, snare maracas; Bill Bateman, drums.

★ ★ ★

VARIOUS ARTISTS

THE DECLINE OF WESTERN

CIVILIZATION—Slash-SR-105: *WHITE MINORITY; DEPRESSION; REVENGE (Black Flag); MANIMAL (Germs); UNDERGROUND BABYLON (Catholic Discipline); BEYOND AND BACK; JOHNNY HIT AND RUN PAULENE; WE'RE DESPERATE (X); RED TAPE; BACK UP AGAINST THE WALL; I JUST WANT SOME SKANK; BEVERLY HILLS (Circle Jerks); GLUTTONY (Alice Bag Band); I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOU; I LOVE LIVIN' IN THE CITY; FEAR ANTHEM (Fear).*
Personnel: Black Flag—Ron Reyes, vocals; Greg Ginn, guitar; Gary McDaniel, bass; Robo, drums. Germs—Darby Crash, vocals; Pat, guitar; Lorna, bass; Don, drums. Catholic Discipline—Claude Besy, vocals; Phranc, guitar; Robert Lopez, keyboards; Rick Jaffe, bass; Craig Lee, drums. X (see above). Circle Jerks—Keith Morris, vocals; Greg Hetson, guitar; Roger Dowding, bass; Lucky Lehrer, drums. Alice Bag Band—Alice Bag, vocals; Craig Lee, guitar; Rob Ritter, bass; Terry Graham, drums. Fear—Lee Ving, guitar, vocals; Philo Cramer, guitar, vocals; Derf Scratch, bass, vocals; Spit Stix, drums.

★

Punk rock didn't die three years ago when the Sex Pistols self-destructed. Punk rock, not new wave ala the Cars and Devo and the Knack, but honest to God two-chord, inarticulate, hostile, headbanger punk rock is alive and kicking—in L.A. Yep, the worn black leather motorcycle jackets, the metal-studded dog collars, the safety pin-pierced ears, the short ragged haircuts, and the loud, guttural mouthings can still be found in the dark alleys that surround what the Eagles call Hotel California—and L.A. punks have even added a new ingredient to the charm-



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ing punk look: the mohawk haircut.

But actually, L.A. punk isn't very funny. The violence that was contained within the music of the English and New York punk bands has erupted as real violence in L.A., where punks seem to be living out everyone's worst fantasies about what punk rock represents. The scene is ugly and very violent; many punks are racist and homophobic. "We hate hippies" is still a common sentiment in L.A. Fights break out with alarming regularity whenever hardcore bands like Black Flag and the Circle Jerks appear, and people have been badly beaten. The hip punk dance, known as slam dancing or the Huntington Beach strut, involves slamming one's body into other dancers with as much force as possible. Last year, Darby Crash, leader of the Germs (who was seen as a hero of sorts by the L.A. punks) died a typical punk rocker death: he overdosed on heroin.

The music produced by this hell-on-earth subculture is, generally, awful. Albums by the Ramones and the Sex Pistols sound like rock & roll masterpieces when compared, for instance, to the hoarse screeching and crude guitar bashing of L.A. bands like most of those featured on *The Decline Of Western Civilization* (a collection of 16 songs, performed live, that were featured in a documentary film of the same name about the L.A. punk scene). Black Flag, for instance, makes garbage can rock: bass and drums are a high speed, jerky blur, harsh lead/rhythm guitar spurts in all directions as if the instrument itself has gone berserk, and vocalist Reyes shout/slurs his lyrics so inarticulately that, in the film, subtitles had to be provided so the viewer could understand the often crude and racist words.

Most of the bands on this record are patterned after the Ramones and the Sex Pistols. None of them (X is the complete exception) have any of the redeeming qualities of the bands they so resolutely base their sound and stance on. Where the original punk bands pioneered a primitive, minimalistic, and often conceptual return to short, concise, and raw hard rock that dealt with real urban problems, the L.A. bands merely mimic the music while mouthing anti-life rhetoric. Ultimately, *Decline* is of use only as a document of a social phenomena occurring in L.A. during the late '70s/early '80s. You certainly wouldn't want to listen to this thing for the music.

In contrast, *Wild Gift* and *A Minute To Pray A Second To Die* demonstrate that there are a few bands that not only know more than two chords, but are creating original, exciting, valuable music in Locust Land.

X emerged last year from the L.A. underground when their debut album, *Los Angeles* (Slash), was picked by many pop music critics as one of the best rock albums of that year. The new album doesn't compromise the group's reputation one bit. X are a back-to-basics hard rock outfit that have been compared to the Doors because they write poetic lyrics in the Jim Morrison vein, because they live in and write about L.A., and because of their stark, dark, forbidding sound. Yet it's Billy Zoom's expert rock

guitar, as opposed to the merry-go-round organ riffs that dominated most Doors' records, that defines X's rock & roll. And Zoom can play, sounding like Chuck Berry, Carl Perkins, and Keith Richards rolled into one.

On the vocal front, X are a low-life Jefferson Airplane. Singers Exene and John Doe offer slightly sour harmonies that are, nonetheless, as infectious and mesmerizing as anything Grace Slick and Marty Balin ever managed. Exene, in particular, has a breathy, seductive yet defiant voice; she sounds like she plays hard and loves hard.

She may just be the most distinctive female rock singer since Patty Smith. Doe, too, is a surprisingly good singer; he manages to sound tough, and yet the undifferentiated hostility of most punk singers is absent here. Doe uses his voice to accurately get across the mood of each song. The combination of superb rock & roll musicianship, Zoom's guitar pyrotechnics, and the writing and singing of Doe and Exene make this album, like *Los Angeles*, one of the best rockers to come out of L.A. in years.


The *Flesh Eaters' A Minute To Pray A Second To Die* is something else again.

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RECORD REVIEWS

Dread is perfectly articulated in the demented, high-pitched vocals of Chris Desjardins. The songs—*Digging My Grave*, *Satan's Stomp*, and *See You In The Boneyard*, to name a few—are grotesque, gothic horror affairs, overwritten, full of purple prose, dripping with a life-is-horror aesthetic.

So what's there to recommend about the *Flesh Eaters*' album? Plenty. The *Flesh Eaters* are the Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band of punk rock. Rooted firmly in blues, jazz, rockabilly, and hard rock, the *Flesh Eaters*' sound is hard as a gravestone, dissonant, and wild. Once one has become acclimated to Desjardins' initially disconcerting voice, the breadth and power of the *Flesh Eaters*' music emerges. (Actually, this band is an L.A. supergroup of sorts: members of the highly acclaimed rockabilly outfit, the *Blasters*, together with members of X form the core of the *Flesh Eaters*.) Particularly impressive is the Robert Johnson-reborn slide guitar of Dave Alvin, who plays like his life depends on eluding those hellhounds, and sax man Steven Berlin, whose moody playing varies from the '50s rockin' on *Cyrano De Berger's Back* to cries-in-the-night wailing on *Divine Horseman*.

Both X and the *Flesh Eaters* make demanding, intense music that's not for the weak of heart. But if you've ever been moved by the rock & roll of the Doors and/or Captain Beefheart, consider a trip into the L.A. crypt with X and the *Flesh Eaters*.

—michael goldberg

J. J. JOHNSON

J. J. INC.—Columbia PS 36808: *MOHAWK*; *MINOR MIST*; *IN WALKED HORACE*; *FATBACK*; *AQUARIUS*; *SHUTTER-BUG*.
Personnel: Johnson, trombone; Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Cedar Walton, piano; Arthur Harper, bass; Albert Heath, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

CONCEPTS IN BLUE—Pablo Today
2312-123: *BLUE NUN*; *NERMUS*; *VILLAGE BLUES*; *AZURE*; *COMING HOME*; *CONCEPTS IN BLUE*; *MOHAWK*.

Personnel: Johnson, trombone; Clark Terry, trumpet, flugelhorn; Ernie Watts, tenor, alto saxophone; Pete Jolly (cuts 2-4, 7), Billy Childs, keyboards; Vic Feldman, keyboards (1, 5), vibraphone (2, 4, 5); Ray Brown, Tony Dumas (1, 2, 4, 5), bass; Kevin Johnson, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★

While the trumpeters who played with Charlie Parker are well known and the pianists who did so have recently been gaining fresh attention, J. J. Johnson, the sideman who adapted the trombone to pop and became a major influence on this instrument, has all but disappeared; for the past decade he's devoted most of his energies to writing for films and television. These two LPs—a reissue of a 1960 date and a new album from exactly two decades later—show how much he has to offer as leader, arranger, composer, and soloist.

While much of *Concepts* has a bluesy edge, *J. J. Inc.* is dominated by the funk that

was so prevalent during the late 1950s and early '60s, especially in the work of Horace Silver, who could even pass as composer of *In Walked Horace* and *Mohawk*. However, none of the six tracks—all penned by Johnson—are blowing excursions on undistinguished heads. Trombone and trumpet are well-voiced together (just as trombone and flugelhorn play together and off each other with rich depth on *Concepts*) while Jordan's tenor fills in the brass lines.

Johnson punches excitement into solos that flow with a fluidity rare for trombone. Fellow Naptowner Hubbard—here only 22 (14 years younger than Johnson) and a year away from starting the stint with Art Blakey that established his name—plays with delicate propulsion, displaying his debt to Fats Navarro. Jordan, although less original in his solos, combines smooth flow with searing bluesiness and deftly slips phrases in between Johnson's and Hubbard's lines. The rhythm section is not only tight but moves with the horns. Walton blends Bud Powell and Art Tatum influences to create dazzling single-note lines and haunting chording. Heath and Harper help give a special feel to each track with, for example, Heath peppering his way through Johnson's broken line on *In Walked Horace* and Harper varying and breaking his line on *Minor Mist*, which he leads to its conclusion.

Concepts lacks the overall tightness and interplay that makes *J. J. Inc.* so special, although Johnson, Terry, and Watts play with an exciting shifting togetherness. Still there are real joys to be found during its nearly 44 minutes. Johnson plays with more strength, fluidity, and tonal variety; Terry subdues his humor to play with his old seriousness, his tone and ideas on flugelhorn providing a perfect foil for Johnson's dark, heavy sound; Watts wails with fiery intensity on alto and wild abandon on tenor, tearing his way forward with a sharp-edged vibrato.

The album's weaknesses are found in parts of the rhythm section work. Brown's rich, thrusting lines can only counterbalance the stiff drumming and unimaginative, undeveloped lines that Jolly and Childs often play, as on the new version of *Mohawk*—a tune that provided a highlight of *J. J. Inc.* Following strong horn solos, the 1980 version disintegrates into unfocused drivel, even losing its strong 6/4 pulse, as Childs and Jolly trade four-bar statements on acoustic and electric pianos.

In addition to the exciting horn solos, Brown's flowing, pulsing lines, and a nicely varied selection of tunes, a highlight is Johnson's arrangement of John Coltrane's *Village Blues*. A synthesist (who plays here and on *Concepts* though is not mentioned on the inadequate notes and personnel listing) provides a background fill as the theme is stated by the horns. Then trombone and flugelhorn play an ingratiating statement in unison before the round of solos begin. Watts, displaying his Trane roots, takes an intense blazing solo on tenor; Johnson is both smooth and gutsy; Terry's humor remains subtle and understated. Then all three horns wail together, leading the tune into a fade-out.

Johnson, and Watts too, may have been buried in studio gigs for much of the '70s, but neither has lost his intense creativity, as the Concepts LP shows. Johnson, in fact, has only deepened his past strengths and is still very much a musician to listen to.

—jerry demuth

JAMES WILLIAMS

IMAGES (OF THINGS TO COME)—

Concord Jazz 140: *I HEAR A RHAPSODY; YOU GO TO MY HEAD; YOU'RE MY EVERYTHING; WISHFUL THINKING; BEAUTIFUL LOVE; IMAGES (OF THINGS TO COME); MY IDEAL; FOCUS.*

Personnel: Williams, piano; Bill Pierce, tenor saxophone; Charles Fambrough, bass; Carl Burnett, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

TEDDY SAUNDERS

SUE BLUE—Discovery 809: *SUE BLUE; POLYBY; OPPORNOCKITY TUNES; BLUES FOR JIMMY G.; LAMENT FOR KOKO; MR. COSMO CAT.*

Personnel: Saunders, piano; Gary Barone, trumpet, flugelhorn; Charles Owens, tenor saxophone, flute; John Heard, bass; Carl Burnett, drums; Dick Berk, percussion, drums (cuts 4, 5).

★ ★ ½

JOHN WOOD

NEARER—Los Angeles Phonograph 1008: *NEARER; SHE LOVES (HER OLEANDER TREE); CANDLES; ONE FOR JOAN; THERE IT IS; GUILLERMO'S ANTS.*

Personnel: Wood, piano; Ray Pizzi, flute, saxophone (cuts 1, 2, 5); Joe Henderson, tenor saxophone (6); Woody Shaw, trumpet (6); Chuck Domanico (1, 2, 5), Tony Dumas (4), Mark Drury (6), bass; Doug Sides (1, 2, 5), Billy Higgins (4), Lenny White (6), drums; Anthony Waters, congas (6).

★ ★ ★

Common to these three sets are their leadership by three young pianists, the participation of several horn players, and a general conservatism in the musical approaches pursued by the three.

The album by Art Blakey's recently departed pianist James Williams, his first date as leader, is absolutely stunning, reminiscent of classic mid- to late-1950s neo-bop dates of the sort recorded by Prestige or Blue Note. Listening to it, I kept thinking of the Miles *Relaxin'*, *Cookin'*, and *Workin'* sets or some of the Coltrane sessions of the period. The music has that feel to it—easy, unforced, full of a quiet, understated intensity that continues to resonate in the mind long after the record has run its course. It has the knowing, confident authority of maturity, and the intelligence and taste to go with it. Williams and saxophonist Bill Pierce neither bluster nor temporize in their playing but express themselves with direct, concise power, plenty of emotional warmth, and an easy, natural eloquence. Their playing styles dove-tail perfectly, undoubtedly a result of their work together in Blakey's group.

That less is actually more is a lesson not all musicians learn, but these two have learned it early and well, and in fact the

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**RECORD
REVIEWS**

knowing, purposeful economy of their approach is one of the major factors in the music's success. Fambrough and Burnett share in this as well, making for extremely tight, well-focused, forceful performances in which absolutely nothing is wasted. Then too, the repertoire is excellent: the well-chosen ballad standards—*I Hear A Rhapsody*, *You Go To My Head* (a solo showcase for the pianist), *You're My Everything*, *Beautiful Love*, and *My Ideal*, none of them overfamiliar—are perfectly complemented by Williams' interesting, solidly written originals, the gospelish *Wishful Thinking*, the blues *Focus*, and the title piece. In all, this is an auspicious recording debut by a pianist of great promise and solid achievement, for which all involved should be commended.

The set by L.A.-based pianist/composer Teddy Saunders starts out promisingly enough—the program of Saunders originals opens with the attractive, dark-hued *Sue Blue*, and nicely lyrical it is too—but almost immediately there surfaces an example of the major problem on which the set founders: poor, insensitive playing on the part of the featured hornmen. Gary Barone, whose flugelhorn playing is pivotal to the success of the piece (inasmuch as it is he who carries the melody and has the first solo), fails to deliver the goods, occasionally fluffing notes but, more damaging still, blustering and meandering in his pointless improvisation. Saunders' own solo, which follows, is crisp and invigorating but, alone, is unable to salvage the performance. There's more of the pianist's well-conceived, sure-handed work on *Polyby* but, alas, an equal quantity of Barone's flatulence as well. And so it goes, the playing of the horns tense and edgy and perfunctory where it should be assured, thoughtful, and well-focused. Saxophonist/flutist Charles Owens fares a bit better than Barone, but he also tends to be a bit too off-handed about his improvisations.

Perhaps it's best to dismiss the set as simply an off-day for the hornmen involved and reserve judgment on Saunders' group until such time as they record something more consonant with the real, solid values of Saunders' writing which, along with his playing, constitute the album's chief virtues.

Wood's self-produced recital is very attractive, full of a pleasing introspective melodism and a harmonic palette derived principally from the late Bill Evans. While Wood is not simply an imitator, his music is so firmly grounded in Evans' that one does not get much of an impression of real individuality from either his playing or writing, at least at this stage of his development (he's 29 years old). His compositions are attractive and solidly crafted—as is his playing—and in fact the most notable feature of the set under review is the overall consistency achieved by the several groups of players the pianist has assembled. Wood plays with taste, intelligence, and plenty of charm, and he is aided considerably by his co-workers in bringing his music to life.

Reedman Ray Pizzi turns in handsome work on the lyrical *Nearer* and is properly moody and serpentine on the sprightly Eastern-flavored *She Loves*, contributing

wonderfully to its eerie, suspended mood through the restrained atmospheric delicacy of his soprano playing. The more visceral *There It Is*, largely improvised, elicits some crisp, inventive soloing from Wood, but from Pizzi we get more blustering manner than real matter. Still, two out of three ain't bad. *Guillermo's Ants*, recorded in 1970 with trumpeter Woody Shaw and tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson among the sextet members, pursues a mainstream bebop approach. With attractive soloing from the two hornmen and Wood on electric piano, it fails, however, to ignite into anything truly memorable, being more workmanlike than anything else. Wood's piano solo *Candles* is a pleasing atmospheric improvisation that distills a late-night mood quite nicely, while the trio performance *One For Joan*, with Tony Dumas and Billy Higgins in support, fails to develop its Evansisms into anything more than a pleasing pastiche. Still, in the final analysis, the album is enjoyable and, thanks to Wood's obvious care in planning and production, nicely varied in its modest range of moods and colors. —pete welding

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LIVE AT NYON—Cadence Jazz Records
CJR 1002: *DON'T I*; *CHARLETTE*; *ISMAY*
MY MOTHER; *HIGH NOON*.

Personnel: Harris, drums; Ken McIntyre, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Grachan Moncur, III, trombone (cuts 1,4); Ron Burton, piano; Cameron Brown, bass.

★ ★ ★

NEGCAUMONGUS—Cadence Jazz
Records CJR 1003: *NEGCAUMONGUS*;
WELL KEPT SECRET.

Personnel: Harris, drums; Ken McIntyre, alto saxophone, oboe, flute; Ricky Ford, tenor saxophone; Hamiett Bluiett, baritone saxophone; Francis Haynes, steel drums; Don Pullen, piano; Cameron Brown, bass.

★ ★ ★ ★

Harris, an extroverted modern drummer who has worked with Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler, Lee Konitz, and has led this malleable ensemble sporadically for over a decade, made the first of these straightahead live dates at the Nyon Festival in Switzerland with a couple of underexposed horn players with lots of roots. Ken McIntyre, a bookish Bostonian who was a contemporary and associate of Eric Dolphy, grabs honors here as much for unusual compositions (full of little tags and twists) as well as his archaic horn styles (pretty, purling alto, slap-tongued, squared-off bass clarinet). Moncur, a charter member of the 1967 version of 360°, sounds thoughtful if a bit staccato (slowed by recent embouchure problems) on *Don't*, and barrels manfully through the very up *High*, on which both he and McIntyre sound hamstrung for resources, both inspirational and technical, and shoot for too many choruses.

This set, recorded for Bob Rusch, editor/publisher of feisty little *Cadence* magazine,

ANOTHER RHODES SCHOLAR SPEAKS OUT.

runs thus: long swinger, two shorter ballads for quartet and duo, long sizzler. Harris, a team player, gives himself little solo space (an opening chorus on brushes, two closing tight-fabricated ones with pang bashes), lays out on Brown's driving solos, and even on McIntyre's idiosyncratically romantic Charlette and his own pretty waltz, *Ismay*. Yet his ensembles push along the rhythm team joyously, and his mesh with old Army pal Burton (probing and positive throughout) and Brown cuts a clean, happy groove all the way.

The second date took place six months later (Dec. '79) at U. of MA in Amherst, retains McIntyre and Brown, adds Ford, Bluiett, and Haynes, and brings back Harris' regular pianist, the prestidigital Don Pullen. Negcaumongus builds and builds and builds, on dramatic layers like the cities of Troy, musical notions of the ages and races of man. Haynes lays a vamp, Brown superimposes driving modal patterns, Harris eases in with hi-hat as Pullen daubs and darts and settles on top with bullish oscillating chords; Harris moves to toms as Ford honks and squeals through his era, fades in a muddy transition (to America?), and then reasserts himself along chordal lines. McIntyre skitters with European intellect on oboe, then Bluiett rumbles in like Attila's hordes, bowling over all in his swath. The rhythm mops up the last third of this 37-minute piece, which has only a very short (possibly edited out) solo by the long-view leader, but a wonderfully reckless Pullen/Haynes encounter that smacks of Conlon Nancarrow. A brief recap and fade leads to the fleet Secret with its blurted unison theme, joyously raucous multi-solos. Pullen, better miked than most, provides much of the glue and color in this composite, evolutionary portrait. Lots of free, Afro-rooted cosmic-yawp jams like this were made in the '60s, but they're rare and refreshing today.

—fred bouchard

GEORGE ROCHBERG

QUINTET FOR PIANO AND STRING
QUARTET—Nonesuch N-78011.

Personnel: Concord String Quartet (Mark Sokol, Andrew Jennings, violin; John Kochanowski, viola; Norman Fischer, cello); Alan Marks, piano.

★★★½

Despite alternate movements of angular atonality, the Piano Quintet of George Rochberg is at last delightful rather than profound. That said—and it is meant as a recommendation—the enduring, if limited, value of Rochberg's music is not the delight it affords, but the aesthetic problem it poses.

In the 1950s and early '60s Rochberg was writing serial music, but he found serialism incapable of expressing "serenity, tranquility, grace, wit, energy." After a transitional period in which Rochberg began a return to tonal musical vocabularies, the *Third Quartet* of 1972 (Nonesuch H-71283) embraced the past with unabashed passion. Abandoning originality and personal style as aesthetic goals, Rochberg returned to the idiom of Beethoven and Mahler in order to rescue contemporary music from a passionless atonality.

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congratulate Rochberg for recognizing that, for most listeners, modern "classical" music is alienating? Or do we damn him for retreating from our own age in capitulation to the past? However we answer, we must admit that the questions themselves—inseparable from Rochberg's work—make the music modern. By very different means Rochberg poses the same challenge as John Cage, doing combat with such Western absolutes as "originality," "personal style," and, finally, progress. A multi-gestural composer, drawing his material shamelessly from the Masters, Rochberg produces works analogous to artist Larry Rivers' repaintings of the classics or John Fowles' *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, a kind of rewritten Victorian novel. Emerson hurled the word "retrospective" as a malediction against the imitative gentility of his 19th century. In our own age, the anxiety of which, after all, deserves the craggy vocabulary of atonality, we enjoy Rochberg, as we do Rivers and Fowles, with a guilty pleasure.

The *Quintet* (1977-78) is based on the same principle of juxtaposition as the 1972 *Third Quartet*. In the *Quintet*, the tonality of Brahms and Beethoven is freely juxtaposed with an atonality redolent mostly of the modal Bartok and 12-tone Berg, as Mahler and Beethoven had been juxtaposed with atonality in the *Quartet*. Rochberg does not simply quote these composers; he re-enacts their characteristic gestures. When these tonal gestures are set against the atonal, the result is a music held together, paradoxically enough, by its very heterogeneity, a principle, if not profoundly revelatory, at least accessible.

Not that the *Quintet* is simple-mindedly pleasant. While the *Third Quartet* explored relationships between Mahler and Beethoven, the *Quintet* investigates the more important relationships between Brahms and Beethoven, particularly in the second and fifth movements of this seven-movement work. As John Fowles is said to write meta-fiction, we have in the reflexive *Quintet* a meta-music, expressing a relation between Rochberg and Brahms/Beethoven even as it explores a relation between Brahms and Beethoven.

Still, while the music offers us pleasure and some intellectual challenge, it is difficult to forget that the robes in which Rochberg dresses himself are very much borrowed. The music finally lacks authority, perhaps the inevitable result of abandoning the canon of originality. Charles Ives borrows even more than Rochberg, and yet Ives' music feels uniquely his own. Ives was less desperate, spontaneously expressing the America he breathed, instead of self-consciously seizing upon an ingenious solution to a difficult but merely aesthetic problem.

Think about the question George Rochberg poses and then, however guiltily, enjoy the music. If you already enjoy the *Third Quartet*, do buy the *Quintet*. If you are unfamiliar with Rochberg, begin rather with the *Quartet*. It is a more exciting piece of music, at once a more tense and a more generous example of multi-gestural composition. It is also, incidentally, served up on

a better recording. While the engineering on the *Quintet* is very good, the recorded sound of the *Quartet* is superb, with a presence approaching direct-to-disc. Like the *Third Quartet*, the *Piano Quintet* was written for the Concord String Quartet, which renders a virtuoso performance on both discs.

—alan axelrod

CARLA BLEY

SOCIAL STUDIES—ECM/Watt ECM/W 11:
REACTIONARY TANGO (IN THREE PARTS); COPYRIGHT ROYALTIES; UTVIKLINGSSANG; VALSE SINISTRE; FLOATER; WALKING BATTERIEWOMAN.

Personnel: Bley, organ, piano; Michael Mantler, trumpet; Carlos Ward, soprano, alto saxophone; Tony Dagradi, tenor saxophone, clarinet; Gary Valente, trombone; Joe Daley, euphonium; Earl McIntyre, tuba; Steve Swallow, bass; D. Sharpe, drums.

★ ★ ★

NICK MASON

FICTITIOUS SPORTS—Columbia FC 37307: *CAN'T GET MY MOTOR TO START; I WAS WRONG; SIAM; HOT RIVER; BOO TO YOU TOO; WERVIN'; I'M A MINERALIST.*

Personnel: Mason, drums, percussion; Robert Wyatt, Karen Kraft, vocals; Chris Spedding, guitars; Carla Bley, keyboards; Gary Windo, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet, flute; Gary Valente, trombone; Mike Mantler, trumpet; Howard Johnson, tuba; Steve Swallow, bass; Terry Adams, piano, harmonica, clavinet.

★ ★ ★ ★

Carla Bley's music is neatly divided into two categories separated by her early '70s opera, *Escalator Over The Hill*. In her pre-*Escalator* period she composed subtly inviting melodies that were beloved of introspective musicians such as Paul Bley, Gary Burton, and Charlie Haden. However, since *Escalator* and her emergence as a major composer/bandleader/performer, her recordings and performances have been marked by so many quirks and shifts of perspective that a feeling of facades within facades is erected, and thwarts attempts towards discovering just what Carla Bley is all about.

Social Studies is a title suggesting the uninvolved distancing of academic appraisal. It follows the almost minimal vein of her previous LP, *Musique Mechanique*, but covers considerably less ground. It is a recording of craft rather than creation, and garners accurate, rather than inspired, playing. *Reactionary Tango* makes some interesting queries into horn voicings and rhythmic counterpoint over a 13-minute tango vamp. The simple melody passes through different instrumental combinations but there's little space given to solos and the coy examination quickly wears thin. *Copyright Royalties* has an interesting bottom-heavy arrangement with the euphonium, tuba, trombone, and bass merging to sound like the Glenn Miller Orchestra on quaaludes. Bley sabotages any movement by her sidemen beyond

the constricting borders of her song forms. As soon as a head of steam builds, such as Tony Dagradi's tenor solo on *Floating*, Bley's arrangement chokes it off.

In the Bley scheme of studied unpredictability, it makes perfect sense to her to release her most provocative work in years under someone else's name. Nick Mason, the drummer of megastar rock group Pink Floyd, is the titular head of the *Fictitious Sports* sessions which feature Bley's music and lyrics and most of her current ensemble. *Fictitious Sports* is set apart from *Social Studies* by its extroverted exuberance and humor that isn't private and cynical, but invites everyone in on the joke. This openness is in large part due to Robert Wyatt, former drummer, vocalist, and existentialist of British art-rockers the Soft Machine. Wyatt's hoarse falsetto brings wryness and vulnerability to Bley's twisted lyrics that range from UFOs (*I Was Wrong*), exotic locales (*Siam*), and mineral fetishists (*I'm A Mineralist*) with lines like "I'll go blind from balling bearings, doctors have warned."

Bley still plays the musical eclectic with the funky blues of *Can't Get My Motor To Start*, the Oriental riffing of *Siam*, and the Philip Glass quotes on *I'm A Mineralist*. Mason, who was responsible for the moody environment of Mike Mantler's *Hapless Child* LP, fashions some colorful settings that flesh out Bley's occasionally stringent arrangements. Gary Windo's honking tenor drops bombs against Chris Spedding's back-sliding guitar on *I Was Wrong*, and Gary Valente rollics across a heavy metal break in *Siam* that makes it swing. Mason's rock ambience brings out a charm and cleverness in Bley that was always there, but is strangely absent from *Social Studies*. She even blasts at critics on *Boo To You Too* (very rock & roll of her, I thought).

Carla Bley has always been one to do the unexpected, but it usually leads to the inventive mutant music of *Fictitious Sports* and not the calculated barrenness of *Social Studies*.
—john diliberto

JACO PASTORIUS

WORD OF MOUTH—Warner Bros. BSK 3535: *CRISIS*; *THREE VIEWS OF A SECRET*; *LIBERTY CITY*; *CHROMATIC FANTASY*; *BLACKBIRD*; *WORD OF MOUTH*; *JOHN AND MARY*.

Personnel: Not listed, but includes Pastorius, bass guitar, synthesizers, percussion, vocals; Michael Brecker, Hubert Laws, Wayne Shorter, Tom Scott, Toots Thielemans, reeds; Herbie Hancock, keyboards; Jack DeJohnette, Peter Erskine, Don Alias, drums, percussion; plus various instrumentalists on guitars, brass, woodwinds, percussion, and vocals.

★ ★ ★ ½

Word Of Mouth is Jaco Pastorius' first release under his own name since his Epic debut, *Jaco*, in 1976. While that album helped introduce Pastorius as a unique bass guitar stylist who applies a rock sound and technique to a wealth of jazz idioms, it failed to reveal any deeper creativity.

Since then, of course, Pastorius has become a progressively important member of *Weather Report*, and today he is co-producer of the group's albums and a contributor of much of its repertoire. Pastorius' promi-

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nence in Weather Report, however, has not changed the sound of the band which continues to be dominated by Joe Zawinul (who, tellingly, is the only member of the Weather Report triumvirate not to release a solo album since the band's inception). Consequently, the question of whether Jaco Pastorius is an artist with a vision and a new music or simply a skillful sideman and instrumentalist has persisted. Does *Word Of Mouth* provide the answer? Yes and no. On one hand, the album is largely derivative and unresolved; on the other, it contains some overwhelming and amazing moments. Only one thing is definite: one's anticipation of the next Pastorius record.

The opener, *Crisis*, is a powerful futuristic piece. Recalling Coltrane's *Countdown*, *Crisis* starts in medias res and, whipped along by an incredibly percussive bass guitar, races forward in collectively improvised cacophony. But where *Countdown* eventually reached clarity and release in the form of a theme, *Crisis* remains unstructured and too shapeless to be more than an impressive exercise. *Three Views*, which appears in a different form on Weather Report's *Night Passage*, is a gesture in the opposite direction, wrapping Toots Thielemans' professional harmonica nostalgia in a sugary arrangement of equal parts Ray Conniff and Jerry Goldsmith. Obviously an attempt at eclecticism, *Three Views* is in its way as much out of balance as *Crisis*. *Liberty City* copies Zawinul's synthesizer sound from the hit *Birdland*, but there is no ecstasy here. Instead, the mundane strutting dance hall theme becomes more and more grating as it keeps bopping up between lackluster Hancock noodlings and a foggy "wail" by Thielemans.

Side two opens with Bach's *Chromatic Fantasy* performed on bass guitar by Pastorius with a trace of Wendy Carlos. An ultra-brief, but full-sounding orchestra statement (*Word Of Mouth* has a staggering amount of puzzle pieces, excerpts, and other edited elements) marks the transition to a mix of flutes, voices, and percussion instruments, which, upon repeated listening, forms an intriguing overture to Thielemans' and Pastorius' virtuoso dueling on a very fast *Blackbird*. A segue to the title track paves the way for a complex montage of vertiginous bass guitar solos, booming drums, and a Jackson Pollock portrait in sound effects. The combination of these three tracks and their seemingly incongruent parts into a suite-like sequence is the highlight of the album. The 11-minute final track, *John And Mary*, suffers by comparison, although it is an authentic and contagious example of Weather Report music, replete with a sun-filled Wayne Shorter soprano sax, momentum-building piano, "jungle" voices, and other exoticisms.

While much of *Word Of Mouth* labors in the shadow of Joe Zawinul or is imperfectly realized, the indications of the astounding editing, production, and arranging on the album's second side are that Jaco Pastorius may soon develop into the major artist foreshadowed by his rich instrumental talents. —lars gabel

BILL DIXON

IN ITALY VOLUME ONE—Soul Note SN 1008: *SUMMER SONG ONE (MORNING); FIRENZE; SUMMER SONG TWO (EVENING); FOR CECIL TAYLOR: ALMOST ANACRUSIS, CONVERSATION, NEW SLOW DANCE.*

Personnel: Dixon, trumpet, piano; Arthur Brooks, Stephen Haynes, trumpet; Stephen Horenstein, tenor, baritone saxophone; Alan Silva, bass; Freddie Waits, drums.

★ ★ ★ ★ ½

IN ITALY VOLUME TWO—Soul Note SN 1011: *SKETCH (FIRENZE); SUMMER SONG TWO (EVENING); SUMMER SONG THREE: AURORA, DAYBREAK, DUSK; DANCE PIECE: PLACES, FOR JACK AND BARBARA, AUTUMN SEQUENCES FROM A PARIS DIARY.*

Personnel: Same as on Volume One.

★ ★ ★ ½

A painter before he became a musician, Bill Dixon was already 37 when he made his recording debut with Archie Shepp in 1962. As if to make up for his late start, Dixon quickly and aggressively began making a name for himself among the New York jazz avant garde as a soloist, a composer, and, perhaps most significantly, as the organizational and philosophical force behind the formation of the Jazz Composers Guild—a collective bargaining unit of musicians which blew away in a smoke of internal squabbles, but out of the ashes of which arose the Jazz Composer's Orchestra and the idea of economic self-determination for the creative musician. But even during the '60s, the period in which he was most active behind the scenes, Dixon was given little opportunity to record. And only once—when he recorded *Intentions And Purposes* for RCA in 1967—was he extended anything resembling the manpower and preparation time necessary to erect the towering compositional structures he could draft on paper and hear in his mind.

Intentions And Purposes was one man's attempt to put everything he had suffered, everything he had celebrated, on one disc, and its heroic once-in-a-lifetime roar seems all the more poignant for the silence which preceded it and which followed. Discounting a costly limited-edition LP available only via mail order from Vienna and heard by only a few, these two Soul Notes, recorded in Milano in the summer of 1980 and distributed in the U.S. by Rounder Records, are the first releases by Dixon since his milestone RCA. While they are less ambitious in scope than *Intentions*, they are more intimate, in some ways more immediate, and they offer even greater insight into Dixon's total personality. Their covers present Dixon the painter (he works in a pleasant mix-and-match of modern styles), their inserts Dixon the thinker (a lengthy and badly transcribed interview reveals him to be something of a pedant, although many of his observations are trenchant and to the point). The musical settings are varied, drawing on all of Dixon's capabilities as a

group leader and instrumentalist.

With one exception all the Summer Songs are duets for Dixon's trumpet and Silva's bass. I confess that when I first heard Dixon's trumpet years ago, I assumed (incorrectly) that he was completely self-taught. His style is fashioned around severe limitations—his middle register articulation is spitty and his infrequent high notes crack instead of crackle—but he is a developmental, genuinely lyrical soloist who seems to "hear" melody naturally, the way another improviser might hear chords, or still another rhythm. On these conversational duets, a thoughtless display of harmonic rhetoric would be an unforgivable breach of confidence anyway. The textures here are incredibly rich, given that only two men are playing. Dixon seems wonderfully sure of himself when telescoping the scalar theme of *Aurora* into shifting molecular shapes, for example, or leaping into the high register to double-time and splinter a long phrase on *Volume Two's* version of *Evening*. Silva's startling bowing technique recalls both a saxophone's metallic high harmonics and an all-too-human shriek, and his pizzicato lines move with a power and percussive grace I did not expect from him on the basis of his previous work.

Volume One's longer take of *Evening* begins as an ominous Dixon/Silva duet and expands to involve the entire sextet for a performance that is thoughtfully conceived and excellently played, with moments of agitation and of smoky, somber beauty. All six players are present also on three other pieces, with trumpeters Brooks and Haynes and saxophonist Horenstein—all former students of Dixon's at Bennington College (VT)—adding splashes of color to the ensembles and taking occasional solo turns. *Firenze*, from *Volume One*, is sketchy, but the "sketch" of it on *Volume Two* is, oddly, longer and better developed, with a lacerating fluttery trumpet solo, probably by Brooks. Taylor conjures its subject with jabbing, anticipatory rhythmic thrusts and features heartfelt Horenstein tenor and, again, good trumpet work. Freddie Waits is a resourceful drummer and Dixon puts him to good use—the drum solo here is perfectly placed; it seems to have been brewing to a head all along. This is free music at its very best.

Dixon's group music permits little of the horsing around too often indulged in the name of the avant garde. On these three last named pieces, he plays what might be termed professorial piano, guiding his players with a stern but tactful hand. He is a good enough pianist, but not good enough to carry the exceedingly long *Dance Piece*, a static trio for piano, bass, and drums on which Silva's bowing seems eccentric and contrived.

Volume One of Bill Dixon In Italy is the more successful record because it contains the best realized group performances. But *Volume Two* is not without its merits despite the above-mentioned lapse. Like Lennie Tristano or Herbie Nichols, Dixon is an original, if problematical, figure in modern jazz, a man who has abandoned all illusions but not given up hope. Everything he does is at least worth hearing, especially since he has gotten to do so little over the course of what is, by this time, a long career.

—francis davis

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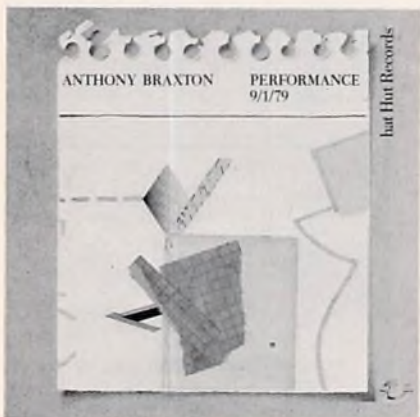
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II

Tenors Of The Times

RUSTY BRYANT: RUSTY RIDES AGAIN!

(*Phoenix Jazz 1001*) ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JUNIOR COOK: GOOD COOKIN' (Muse MR 5159) ★ ★ ★

BOB COOPER: TENOR SAX IMPRESSIONS (Trend TR-518) ★ ★ ★ ½

EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS: THE HEAVY HITTER (Muse MR 5202) ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

FRASER MacPHERSON: LIVE AT THE PLANETARIUM (Concord CJ-92) ★ ★ ★

JIMMY MCGARY: THE FIRST TIME ... (Thrust Records) ★ ★ ★

BILLY MITCHELL: THE COLOSSUS OF DETROIT (Xanadu 158) ★ ★ ★ ½

HANK MOBLEY: THIRD SEASON (Blue Note LT-1081) ★ ★ ½

BILL PERKINS: THE OTHER BILL (Famous Door HL 128) ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

DAVE SCHNITTER: GLOWING (Muse MR 5222) ★ ★ ★ ★

STANLEY TURRENTINE: Mr. NATURAL (Blue Note LT-1075) ★ ★ ★ ★ ½

In the past, as musicians such as Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Sonny Rollins, and John Coltrane were busy rewriting saxophone history, the majority of tenor players were congregating under the banner of one or another of the various schools. Today it's more difficult to find a player who confines himself to only one train of thought, and this may be due, in part, to the fact that the contemporary scene isn't blessed with any giants of the aforementioned stature (Rollins may be alive and playing, but his contributions in recent years don't come close to his prior achievements). As a result, players today (even the older players considered here—Lockjaw Davis, Billy Mitchell, and Rusty Bryant) incorporate a wider variety of sounds and styles in their efforts. Certainly the men in this tenor collection don't break any new ground; the format each leader has chosen is strictly straightforward (both the Blue Notes, it should be mentioned, are older, previously unreleased dates). The tunes are chord-oriented, the solos relatively brief, and the emphasis unquestionably on swing. Conservative as this approach may be, there is some exciting playing on each of these sides.

Rusty Bryant's session is a real sleeper, and if not for the decision to use bass guitar instead of acoustic bass, this might be a six-star record. Most jazz fans with sensitive ears will cringe upon hearing the boing-boing of the electric toy in this setting, but Bryant's and trombonist Gary Carney's contributions are more than worth the temporary inconvenience. In fact, all trombonists should pick up this LP; Carney is a very hip

player, combining the sound of a Carl Fontana and the technique of a Bill Watrous (almost). It's refreshing to hear a musician of this caliber who can transcend the inherently cumbersome qualities of the horn and just swing freely. Bryant can hold his own with the likes of a Buck Hill as he powerhouses his way through medium-tempo cookers, rarely faltering in intensity. The rhythm section of pianist Bobby Floyd, bassist Terry Binns, and drummer Joe Ong is generally sympathetic, although youthful exuberance can inhibit interaction at times, as on *St. Thomas* where there is some confusion about the rhythmic approach.

I don't think I've ever heard Junior Cook sound so relaxed on record as on *Good Cookin'*, but there is still some rigidity in his tone and in the ensemble support in general. Perhaps not enough rehearsal time is the problem with this date; while Slide Hampton's arrangements are as effective as always, it seems everybody, especially pianist Al Dailey, is tied too much into a "reading" bag, and the results come across a little too contrived. Cook does have his moments, though, and when he's excited about a given set of changes (*Playing Together Again* and *Sentimental Over You*—I'll wager he's been listening to Coltrane's *But Not For Me*) he's as much a thrill as when he was a member of Horace Silver's classic quintet. Trombonist Hampton is a gas live, but in the studio, as a soloist, he's often overly mechanical. Dailey finally gets off on the last tune of the date, *Mood*. Maybe if this were a regularly working unit or they stuck to more familiar material, things might seem more relaxed.

The lineage of Lester Young may be the most extensive and subject to the widest range of variation of all tenor saxophonists. Through Quinichette, Getz, and Sims, we get players like Bob Cooper (and even Wayne Shorter). Cooper's fluid, silky-smooth tone is striking on this direct-to-disc recording, and the sensitive rhythm section (Carl Schroeder, Bob Magnusson, and Jimmie Smith) is careful never to overplay behind him—in fact, they tend to underplay. It's up to the saxophonist to sustain interest beyond the level of MOR dinner jazz. Yo-Yo is an appropriate opening tune, but far too short. Two ballads in a row (not Cooper's best medium—his playing is fragmented when he has a lot of time to play around between changes) nearly induce sleep, but Cooper manages to pick up the pace with *Juarez Saturday Night* (on the changes of *Sweet Georgia Brown*). At this tempo he extends and links his phrasing more consistently than on ballads. The group finds the most comfortable groove of the session on *Indy 500*, and Schroeder shows us what a really fine player he is (when he was Carmen McRae's accompanist, I remember coming away impressed with his solos and block chord comping).

As with the Bryant LP, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis' *Heavy Hitter* is just as rewarding for the efforts of a sideman as the leader. This may be my favorite Al Dailey date: his comping is so in tune with where Jaws' vaguely sliding runs lead, and Al seems perfectly at ease as a soloist (unlike most of the Cook LP). After all, he's Sonny Rollins'

favorite pianist for good reason: he shares, with Kenny Barron, a particularly aggressive appetite for chords and harmonic movement and can swing in the lagging, yet thoroughly precise manner of early Hancock. Fortunately, Lockjaw resorts to few of his trademark grunts and groans and concentrates on developing his lines logically. He's capable of playing hotter than this, but I like the finesse and restraint he displays here instead of crowd-pleasing antics. Curiously, this group never played as a unit until this session, and producer Michael Cuscuna even goes so far as to say each tune was a first take. This blend of structure (form/arrangement) and spontaneity, usually a hit and miss proposition, really works.

Everything about **Fraser MacPherson's** live date is warm. He may not be the most dynamic of tenor players, but he's very musical. This is nice, pleasant chamber jazz for a warm summer evening, and if not for Oliver Gannon's long-winded solos, the music is perfectly inoffensive. The guitarist's single note lines are fine, even stimulating, but his chord work is unassuming and he gets wrapped up in his own novelty effects as on *Django*. MacPherson remains at the same dynamic level on ballads or uptempo pieces, but he speaks through his horn convincingly. The group, as a whole, swings rather mechanically, but the pretty, moody tunes on the program—*Lush Life*, *My Funny Valentine*, etc.—manage to sustain interest. I only wonder why unison tenor/guitar lines weren't utilized more often, an attractive contrasting sound to take advantage of in the context of a small group such as this.

Jimmy McGary's full-bodied, hard-bop tenor should grace more sessions than is presently the case. He draws his sound from Hank Mobley and a knack for rhythmic flamboyance from Johnny Griffin (though rarely straying from a melodic style of improvisation). It's too bad the supporting players for this date couldn't push him a little more where needed; the problem with this record is that too much responsibility for excitement lies on the leader's shoulders. Drummer Don Gauck uses brushes tastefully, but his stick work isn't decisive enough. Pianist Pat Kelly's comping is rooted in Cedar Walton (especially his block chord voicings), and he contributes some good solos, but his right hand isn't yet flexible enough rhythmically (he's only 25). Fortunately, they do play well together, and McGary sounds at ease with this group. In addition to his playing, McGary deserves mention for the superb tune he's written, *Song For Sean*—to these ears a standard-to-be. He might have entitled it *Song For Wayne*: Shorter's mid-'60s composing and playing styles are in strong evidence.

In contrast to the McGary LP, the feel of the Barry Harris/Sam Jones/Walter Bolden rhythm combination on **Billy Mitchell's** session is almost worth the price of the record alone (veterans usually come through in the clutch). Harris' nutshell introductions rarely fail to put a tune in its proper frame of reference (check out 'Round *Midnight* on his own Tokyo live Xanadu date). Jones' tone is so rich, and his sense of swing so relaxed! But the tenor saxophonist remains at the center of attention; while he experiences occasional intonation problems, he constructs thoughtful, sincere solos on *The Colossus Of Detroit*, an LP that's superior to his first date for Xanadu. Mitchell alludes to

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Byas and Rollins but he doesn't stay in the same bag, tune to tune. The quartet seems most comfortable on *I Should Care*, and Mitchell is particularly inspired in duet with Harris on *How Am I To Know*.

Several of **Hank Mobley's** Blue Note dates are among the best in that distinguished catalog (*Soul Station* comes to mind). *Third Season* was a 1967 attempt to surge ahead to newer harmonic territories and doesn't really work. It was during this period that standards and conventional bop changes were increasingly considered passé, and unorthodox chord sequences and disjunct, probing melody lines had become the fascination for many jazz musicians (Monk beat everybody to the punch years earlier, of

course). Mobley sounds somewhat intimidated by this format, and his own, highly personal clichés sound out of place. Lee Morgan is in high spirits though, as agile and charismatic as ever. Cult hero guitarist Sonny Greenwich shouldn't be judged by this effort as the rhythm section of Cedar Walton, Walter Booker, and Billy Higgins seems generally unenthused. This one was best left on the shelf.

Fronting an unusual trumpet/two tenor front line, San Francisco's **Bill Perkins** gives us a genuinely up-to-date West Coast session (this Bill Perkins is not to be confused with the saxophonist by same name from Los Angeles). Everything about this record is squeaky clean; the playing isn't spectacular,

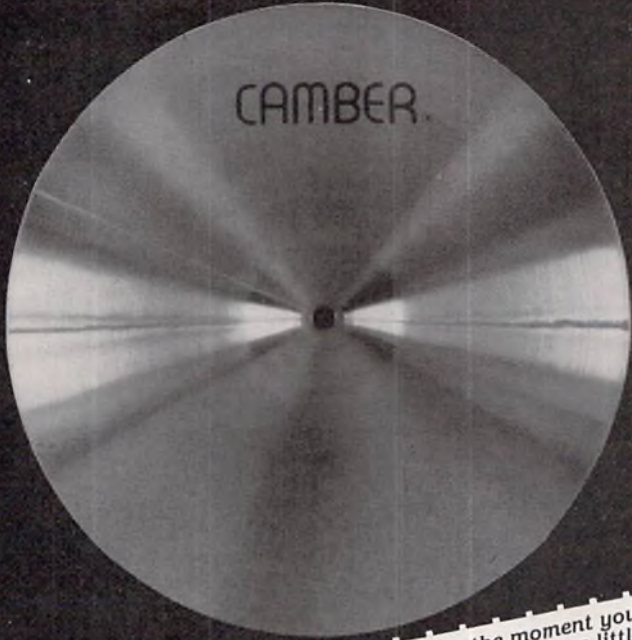
but each man knows precisely what to do whether in solo, riffing, or ensemble contexts. Most important of all, the players create a blend that is found lacking in so many recordings where musicians see the music in the studio for the first time. Perkins fashions some clean, thoughtful solos, but there could be more spontaneity in his playing. Trumpeter Cal Lewiston is the solo standout here, doing an authentic Blue Mitchell impersonation on *Blues Lim-Rik*. This Bay Area free-lance player and occasional big band leader deserves to appear on more recordings.

Blakey-graduate **Dave Schnitter** has been sprucing up his act. This is his most committed playing on record to date, although he still gets caught exaggerating some of his ideas too extremely from time-to-time. But it's great to see the individuality emerging: the humor, the pugnaciously daring fits of energy he's capable of producing. And now there seems to be more Rollins in his sound; Newk aficonados will surely recognize his all-but-patented 16th-note ascending and descending figure. Schnitter can do it better than anybody (unfortunately, the same cannot be said for his singing, making *If I Loved You* the one throwaway track on the LP). Al Dailey is at home here, and trumpeter Claudio Roditi plays some crisp, bright Brownie licks along the way. A few tempos are wrong for the tunes' mood and playing abilities concerned (*Darn That Dream* is too slow, for example), but this is a function of the leader. Schnitter will no doubt gain control over this element of his musicianship soon enough.

As far as I'm concerned, the premier funk tenor player in jazz since the inception of bebop is **Stanley Turrentine**. Few saxophonists in this style have the harmonic confidence Mr. T. has, and he can always get to the point: the blues. He's so adaptable, too. Regardless of the quality of his rhythm section, he tunes in to their wavelength and swings sensibly. Here, the supporting cast is not a bunch of slouches, however. These men—McCoy Tyner, Bob Cranshaw, Elvin Jones, Ray Barretto—are the superstars of the period, and the playing is uniformly superb. Lee Morgan lights up like a Christmas tree when he's around musicians such as these and almost steals the show (he's been extremely well served in this series of Blue Note reissues). The rhythm section is a little more adventurous than what Turrentine had become accustomed to—Jones alternately anticipates the beat and lags behind it (all within the limits of metronomic time, of course), and Tyner colors the blues almost too obviously, but the leader transcends, and ultimately conquers.

Thanks once again to small record companies for underwriting the brand of no-nonsense jazz represented on these LPs. There can't possibly be much in the way of profit incentive for the players or executives, just creative satisfaction. Given the price of records today, the real risk lies with the consumer; if records like the Bryant and Turrentine continue to appear in the bins, buying jazz LPs can become more of a sure-fire investment and less of a hope-for-the-best proposition. —arthur moorhead

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Wes Montgomery, mellow guitar stylings backed by Claus Ogerman's arrangements, TEQUILA. Anita O'Day, former big band canary sings a dozen songs in a Chicago night club, circa '60, AT MR. KELLY'S. Tal Farlow, Lincolnesque guitarist in reissued trio and quartet inc. bass wizard Oscar Pettiford, ALBUM. Stan Getz, Dec '55 quartet session with a Swedish rhythm team, IN STOCKHOLM.

CONTEMPORARY

Teddy Edwards, quartet w/ Joe Castro, Leroy Vinnegar, and Billy Higgins from '60, TEDDY'S READY. Kid Ory, Muskrat Ramble-composer and trombonist leads a dixie revival group, CREOLE JAZZ BAND 1954. Hampton Hawes, nine cuts from '55 and '56 sessions with Red Mitchell and Chuck Thompson, THE TRIO VOL. 2. Jesse Fuller, singer and one-man-band recorded in 1958, JAZZ, FOLK SONGS, SPIRITUALS & BLUES.

ELEKTRA/NONESUCH

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George M'lely, West Coast pianist in trio setting, from Alternatives in American Music, *TRIO*. **Do'a**, ethereal acoustic music drawing on ethnic sources, from Philo Records, *ANCIENT BEAUTY*. **Penguin Cafe Orchestra**, 10-man multi-instrument concoction offering new wave mood music and the Ventures, from Editions E.G., *PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA*. **Bud Shank**, flute plus narrator John Carradine and assisting personnel perform the music of Martin Scot Kosins, from Open Sky Records, *SONGS OF THE SEEKER*. **Laurie Spiegel**, four examples of computer music from an eclectic composer, from Philo Records, *THE EXPANDING UNIVERSE*.

Bobbe Norris, songstress tackles six standards and five originals by pianist Larry Dunlap, from Four Directions Records, *CLOSEUP*. **Lar Duggan**, 10 numbered etudes for piano, from Philo Records, *FROM THE LAKE STUDIES*. **Le Scott**, reedman's self-composed opus about life after the bomb, from Theater for the Evolving Arts, *POST-BOP OPERA*. **Roger Boykin**, pianist/guitarist/composer, plus ex-Ray Charles reedman James Clay in a program of originals, from Souttex Records, *CYCLES*. **Jimmy Rowles/George Mraz**, accompanist par excellence and indefatigable bassist team up, from Progressive Records, *MUSIC'S THE ONLY THING THAT'S ON MY MIND*. db

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WOODY SHAW

BY FRED BOUCHARD

THE STAR OF WOODY HERMAN Shaw II has been on the rise over this last decade, as the 37-year-old trumpeter from Newark has gained in confidence, stature, and international reputation. Shaw's credentials are in great order—early

work with saxophonist Eric Dolphy, gigs in Paris with Kenny Clarke and Bud Powell, stints with Horace Silver and Art Blakey, and diverse dates in the bands of McCoy Tyner, Gil Evans, and even—in a recent guest spot alongside Diz and Getz—his namesake.

For the last 10-or-so years, however, Shaw has

led bands of his own, well-documented on the Contemporary, Muse, and Columbia labels. His most recent releases are *The Iron Men* (Muse) and *United* (Columbia) [see review in Nov. '81 db.] Shaw's previous Blindfold Test appeared in the Feb. 1, '73 db. He was given no information about the records played.



1. BILL COLEMAN. SATIN DOLL (from *BILL COLEMAN & BEN WEBSTER, Black Lion*). Coleman, trumpet, vocal; Ben Webster, tenor saxophone.

I don't particularly know who that trumpeter was; I started to say Joe Wilder, but [Joe] has much cleaner execution. He has that nice, round sound—"butterfat," like we used to say in the olden days. His chops were a little weak, but I liked his ideas and the way he played the changes. It's not exactly my cup of tea, but three stars for the nice little groove on *Satin Doll*.

FB: That's Bill Coleman, who died recently in Paris.

WS: Aha! Yes, I knew him there when I was very young.

2. WARREN VACHE. IDA, SWEET AS APPLE CIDER (from *POLISHED BRASS, Concord Jazz*). Vache, cornet.

I know who that is but I can't put my finger on it. Charlie Shavers? That's nice, but again, not my cup of tea. I'm a staunch modernist, but I do take time out to listen to the traditions from which the trumpet came. I recognize the feelings, if not the name. It's killing me.

He's got a beautiful tone, vibrato, execution. Sometimes trumpet can make you feel weird if it isn't played well, but he makes me feel good. I'll give it 3½, because it's a little more together. [Later] If you'd played me Warren with Scott Hamilton, I'd have got him immediately. It's a hip, Bobby Hackett style.

3. CHARLES MINGUS. FLAMINGO (from *TIJUANA MOODS, RCA*). Mingus, bass; Clarence Shaw, trumpet.

It's Mingus. It's Tijuana Moods. That's Clarence Shaw—no relation! That's one of Mingus' more provocative records. Just from the sound of the sextet, before any solos, it's five stars. Mingus is such a genius, altering the changes of *Flamingo* to make it his own. Clarence approaches the trumpet something like Kenny Dorham. They said it about early Miles, too: a man walking on eggshells.

4. IRA SULLIVAN. OUR DELIGHT (from *THE INCREDIBLE IRA SULLIVAN, Stash*). Sullivan, trumpet, tenor saxophone.

It's Ira Sullivan. I've been hearing a lot of him lately. I've been raised on legends—Lee Morgan, Bill Hardman, Donald Byrd, Freddie Hubbard—but here's one I only got to meet and hear recently, since he's been coming to the [Village] Vanguard regularly. He's one of the few trumpeters who know how to play out of the Navarro/Brown style; not too many youngsters know that style today. Was that date done in Chicago? The saxophonist reminded me of Johnny Griffin. Ira on sax, too? Ha ha ha! What a wizard! Four stars.

5. HENRY "RED" ALLEN. I WANT A LITTLE GIRL (from *THE COLLEGE CONCERT, Impulse*). Allen, trumpet; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; Steve Kuhn, piano; Charlie Haden, bass; Marty Morell, drums.

I like this because the trumpeter has a bold sound, he plays with authority. He grabs you like Ira does. That's the whole idea of playing the trumpet; it's an instrument of making announcements, and calling. The rhythm section sounds a lot more modern than the front line, but it fits. They chose the right combination. That's not Doc Cheatham? [Later] I knew I shoulda said Red! Four stars because it worked.

6. STEVE LACY/DON CHERRY. THE MYSTERY SONG (from *EVIDENCE, Prestige*). Lacy, soprano saxophone; Cherry, pocket trumpet.

That's Steve Lacy. I love him. When he plays soprano saxophone, he sounds just like Steve Lacy. He's one of the pioneers. I was talking to Dizzy recently about trumpeters who have their own distinct personality on the instrument: Freddie Webster, Fats Navarro, Miles Davis. That's very rare with young musicians today, but it can come with age and experience. Don Cherry's the same way. Never mind his proficiency and academic background—that's not why I like the man. I like the way he plays trumpet. Four

stars. This is more up my alley: avant garde, but it swings. It gives me a feeling of freshness.

7. IRAKERE. CIENTO AÑOS DE JUVENTUD (from *IRAKERE 2, Columbia*). Arturo Sandoval, trumpet.

This is corny. I've heard much hipper latin music than this, man. I go to the Village Gate Monday nights—you should hear those Cuban and Santo Domingan cats! Look, I've done dates like this, so I know the musicianship is high. But it sounds like a studio date, nothing to do with creativity. As a latin jazz date, it stinks. Two stars. [Later] That's Arturo Sandoval?! I met him in Cuba with CBS. Dizzy played me a tape of his that was frightening! This is bullshit! Why would they make a great player do television shit like this? It's not even good business, never mind good music.

8. LEO SMITH. THE BURNING OF STONES (from *SPIRIT CATCHER, Nessa*). Smith, trumpet; Irene, Carol, and Ruth Emanuel, harps.

This reminds me of a piece by Hindemith for brass, harp, and piano. I like this. It's got color and daring. That's a very good sound on Harmon mute. I've been using it on all my gigs lately. Three stars. I was doing new things like this with Chick Corea back in the '60s. It's tricky to play free form and make it happen.

9. DUKE ELLINGTON. PURPLE GAZELLE (from *AFRO-BOSSA, Reprise*). Cootie Williams, Ray Nance, trumpets.

Duke Ellington and Stravinsky remind me a lot of each other. They are both tremendous orchestrators. They can take a simple idea and make it sound so way out and yet so traditional at the same time. I'm thinking of Stravinsky's neo-classical period. I think I heard Cootie Williams and was that Shorty Baker? Hardly any solos. Five stars. Afro-Bossa? I'm gonna go out and find that one today!

Profile:

Jane Ira Bloom

BY FRED BOUCHARD

The soprano saxophone stands 27 inches tall and Jane Ira Bloom a little over twice that. It weighs about 2½ pounds, Ms. Bloom about 40 times that. Not surprisingly, she finds the horn a bit heavy, but that's not the main reason she uses a neckstrap. "It frees up my right wrist to achieve fluidity in the upper register and get some quarter-tones off the side keys," says the Newton, MA native, who lives and works in New York and has just produced her second bell-clear album for her own Outline label. It also helps her achieve some fascinating sonic effects by twirling around, low and fortissimo. "The soprano has some of the directionality of brass instruments, especially in its lower register with the sound coming all the way out the bell." Her recent investigations include experimenting with the *nagaswaram*, an Indian instrument with reeds like pop-sicle sticks, pioneered by Charlie Mariano, another Boston saxophonist.

Bloom's preoccupation with the sound coming out of her horn goes back to the eighth grade, when she started study with legendary Berklee College reedmaster, Joe Viola. Though she'd picked up the alto five years earlier, at eight, she had little to inspire her except a hip piano teacher and her mother's collection of Ella Fitzgerald records until Viola put his pure sound in her ears. "Just ask Joe to play a melodic line for you, and he'll break your heart," enthuses Bloom, with a shake of her head. "He went beyond basics, exploring alive tones, unusual intervals, spaces between lines. That's where I got a lot of my ideas." And, it might be added, her exquisite soft attack and perfect intonation.

Bloom woodshedded hard and listened plenty to strong players: Sonny Bird, for a long time Dophy exclusively. "I went through a period listening to Charlie Parker and Phil Woods, wanting nothing but to play like them and think as fast as they could. And God, how I tried! But somehow it never came out that way. It just wasn't natural to me." Despite her choice of instrument, Bloom has never listened much to soprano players. "I always go back to Miles," she admits, "his way of condensing ideas, getting



NEY TAIT-FRASER

to the heart of the matter. In a way, I've always wanted to be a trumpet player, and never made it."

After high school and studies with Ray Santisi (harmony) and Herb Pomeroy (ensemble playing), Bloom had to make some basic career decisions. Mercer Ellington asked her to travel with the Ellington Orchestra. "I didn't think I was the kind of player who could be in a big band, go on the road, and be happy. I had some compositional ability, and I thought about the kinds of environment my music would sound good in and the kinds of people with whom I'd like to play." Bloom took the hard road and went to Yale.

Yale proved a stimulating experience, with plenty of concerts and intriguing fellow improvisers like George Lewis, Leo Smith, and Anthony Davis. "Yale was not a strong school for performing, but we made it happen after class. I met Kent McLagan [bassist on both Outline albums], and we'd practice three times a week at 8 a.m. for the sheer joy of playing. He's a fantastic musician and thinker, now getting a PhD in physics. That was my first extended experience without piano or drums. We learned a wealth of things, believe me." *We Are*, their initial Outline album (OTL-137) consisting of all soprano/bass duos, shows great empathy, interplay, linearity, clarity of sound and purpose, and humor.

After graduation in 1977, it was the Big Apple for Bloom. "It's the only place to grow and develop with new music," she says. "It's a big deal for someone who doesn't come from

there." Even by New York standards, Bloom got her act together pretty quick. She studied with George Coleman, who "has a phenomenal command of harmonics. We'd work on substitutions and patterns. George plays patterns on chord extensions that you never heard anyone else play—that's his forte. He makes sure your lines are connected. Just to stand next to the bell of his horn at Seventh Avenue South or Jazz Emporium was to be filled with wonderful music. He's very open about letting people sit in. No college can ever give you that!"

Bloom's approach to saxophone and composition find unusually deep aesthetic analysis and articulate expression. "The saxophone is a very facile instrument, designed to make sounds efficiently—technologically a mechanism of button pushing. You have to make music on it, not push buttons. Soprano's my prime horn; I use alto sometimes and picked up flute this year for economic reasons. I studied soprano per se, not as a Bb double for tenor. The fingering's the same, but it's a very different instrument. I'm trying to simplify, let my ears rather than my fingers guide me. I try to reduce and concentrate energy into ideas I can hear."

Bloom began composing on the piano, but would like to get away from it, as it inhibits her "coloristic listening." Her thinking is very linear, not chordal, rhythmically mixed, not straight-eighth, and she pursues "continuous composition" rather than head/solo/head. She discusses this last in some detail on the liner of *We Are*. She uses extra-musical ideas for inspiration. "Jackson Pollock's dense and complex process interests me. When you get dry musically, you look out at other things. I like painting, theater, dancing. I have tunes entitled, *Smog*, *Shrub*, *Desert*. These titles are not necessarily descriptive, just gestures and images, translated into music." Bloom has written for 15-piece ensemble (and the voice of Jay Clayton) and says she may someday attempt a solo recital.

Of her present colleagues, vibes/marimba player Dave Friedman (co-featured on her *Second Wind*, OTL-138) and bassist Harvey Swartz, Bloom says "this trio has more to do with people than instrumentation. We're interested in the same compositional ideas; our approaches are similar. We explore and discuss in rehearsal, try to be openly critical and evaluate as we play. It really behooves you to evaluate yourself, especially in new music, where there's so little structure to hold onto. The process of honesty is hard on you, but you do make mistakes and have to change them. It's the only way to grow."

Brevity is a key issue. "You observe the direction and flow of a piece and decide on the spot to cut or redirect it. Sometimes you want to let it all out and play more than the audience can absorb. That's fine in practice, but you have to cool it in performance. Honesty is crucial here."

A few closing questions on career perceptions and directions got typically straight talk from Bloom. "As a kid I was oblivious to being a woman jazz player. I was just determined to be as good as I could be. As I got out of the comfortable, non-threatening environment of school, I never encountered the negative vibes in the playing world because such people would never hire me anyway. When I go out to play in New York, I'm just like everybody else: on constant trial because the availability of work is so small (clubs book four months in advance) and under greater pressure to be in top form because the audience is usually half musicians! I want to keep playing and recording: it's as simple as that. It's hard, slow work. I'm getting by with a few students, a fluke gig into a 1940 Radio Show Hour. As far as getting into the record industry, I learned as I went, but felt I had to show I had the artistic judgment and business chops to put it together. It's happening very slowly and I'm trying to be patient." **db**

Edgar Froese

BY JOHN DILIBERTO

When Walt Whitman wrote "I sing the body electric" he could never have imagined the contemporary reality of that phrase. Electronic music and instruments have gained mass usage only in the last 15 years, yet the depth and abundance of these new sounds are astounding. The music has moved out of the early cerebral and academic sphere of classical composers like Vladimir Ussachevsky and Milton Babbitt to include the imitative classical synthesis of Wendy Carlos, Keith Emerson, Chick Corea, and Herbie Hancock's synthesizer as glorified organ, Richard Teitelbaum's jazz improvisations, and the new wave synthi-pop of Gary Numan and Orchestral Manoeuvres.

Some of the most profound uses of electronic instruments, however, come from musicians who are treating them not as an adjunct to existent forms, but as a means of exploring and discovering new modes of expression. Europe has been a seeding ground for a new breed of humanistic electronic artists, and Germany has led the way in spawning more than its share of these

musicians. One of those leaders is Edgar Froese from the group Tangerine Dream. Though they were among the first to successfully bring electronic music to the performance stage, and have been in existence for 14 years in which they've recorded 14 group albums and six solo projects, the music of Tangerine Dream remains little known in this country—despite a sell-out, cross-country tour in '76. Given the nature of their music, this shouldn't be too surprising. Their compositions tend to be long and slowly evolving, with layered textures and convoluted melodies over pulsating rhythms. Their music is mostly improvised, but with none of the heroic soloing heard from jazz, rock, or even classical virtuosos. Instead, there is a concern for detail, subtle inter-relationships, and the placement of sound in space.

Born June 6, 1944 in Germany, Froese was given piano lessons as a youth, "which was quite boring." By the early '60s, however, Froese had started playing electric guitar in rock bands. At that time, German rock music was simply imitative of American and English pop. Froese was the first in a wave of musicians to break away from this tradition. "The main problem with German musicians, then

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and now, is that they try to copy British and American rock musicians. They try to be better than these musicians, but they can't because they don't have the mentalities of these countries. You have to live there for years to understand what rock means. If you don't, then your only chance is to go for something else to express yourself. You've got to understand that German radio is mostly light classics, which is very boring. So we had to go to other sources for our inspiration: people like Xenakis and our own countryman, Karlheinz Stockhausen."

Dream coalesced around Froese, Peter Baumann, and Chris Franke, each playing electronic keyboards and synthesizers. Their music now lacked all the normal landmarks of rock; there were no drums, chord changes, lyrics, or solos—though Froese would still step out occasionally on electric guitar. In '72 and '73, Dream was making the transition from traditional instruments to electronics and recorded three more albums, *Alpha Centauri*, *Atem*, and *Zeit*. The latter album drew more upon the band's classical backgrounds with the use of a string quartet. The strings



MONIQUE FROESE

Froese formed Tangerine Dream in 1967 to exploit these influences in a search for new sounds that was very much a product of the psychedelic movement of the late '60s. "Everyone was into psychedelics then. Musicians like me, who are now in their 30s, will deny it, but it's a lie. Everyone was doing it." This created a boom of space and cosmic music groups coming out of Germany at his time—including Amon Duul, Kraftwerk, Popol Vuh, the Cosmic Couriers, Ash Ra Tempel [sic], and others. For Tangerine Dream the first result of this musical and chemical alchemy was *Electronic Meditations*, an album released in 1970 on the now-defunct Ohr label. The album featured synthesizer denizen Klaus Schulze, then playing free-style drums, Conrad Schnitzler's processed cello arcs and electronics (no actual synthesizers yet), and Froese's fuzz-laden guitar, combined in a quest for new directions in sound through totally free improvisation. "Until two years ago we improvised everything. On the whole live record [Encore] there were only six to eight minutes that were composed. There was an electrifying feeling between us when it worked, and a horrifying one when it didn't."

Within a short time, the personnel of

were played in a way that made them sound electronic, moving in and out of phase with the synthesizers and organs in a droning textural fabric. "Ligeti was one of our biggest influences, especially his piece *Atmospheres*. We have used conventional instruments as well as synthesizers, but the main function of our music is synthesized."

By the 1974-75 *Phaedra* and *Rubycon* albums (their first on the British-based Virgin Label and also the first Dream albums to be released in the U.S.), their music was almost completely synthesized. After playing together as a unit for several years, their improvisations had greater form and unity. With their discovery of minimalism, they found new improvisatory structures that were especially suited to the use of sequencers. "We got into the music of Terry Riley and then Steve Reich, whom we learned a lot from. In the past we've used his minimalist structures; I don't want to say that we copied his ideas, but there are certain techniques and devices that we applied to our own music." Tangerine Dream themselves were creating their own new vocabulary of electronic sounds with spinning sequencer melodies and those peculiar rhythms that seem to be driven by giant rubber bands. "I was

thinking about new sounds and ways to get away from just playing bars, riffs, and harmonies. You've got a very wide frequency range with synthesizers, so you can create your own colors and sounds with rhythm patterns that are more complicated than those a drummer can play."

Froese also became involved in his first of five solo projects at this time. The initial release, *Aqua*, was more abstract than anything Dream has done. There were few of the rhythms and interrelated structures that mark Dream's music. Instead, Froese was organizing sounds in a spatial sonic atmosphere, an effect that was heightened by recording side two of the LP with the artificial head system of Gunther Brunschen. The head system—also referred to as bi-naural sound (used by Lou Reed on *Street Hassle*)—uses an artificial head with microphones in it to record the music. It's designed for headphone listening to simulate the auditory perspective of the human head (and ears) when listening to live music. "In the group you have to compromise certain things so that the unit can progress. On my own works I do what I want." But though his music sounds more abstract, his organizational structure is actually stricter. "The music tends to be more structured because I'm working

on my own. I layer tracks separately, so I must know in advance what is going to be on the other tracks. All my albums are like this except for *Epsilon In Malaysian Pale*, which was recorded directly onto the tape in real time."

Froese changed the musical direction of Dream with the 1976 release of *Statosfear*. It was their first of many composed albums. "We found that we could only go so far with improvisation. By composing certain parts and finding our own structures upon which to improvise, it is possible for us to add new things where we couldn't before because we didn't know what was going to be happening in the next minute. What we want to do now is get people involved in different ways of listening to music, so we went back to more melodic and rhythmic structures because the things on top are very different." Though Dream's music won't allow them to be accused of using the classic "we want to communicate with more people" sellout line, they did make one overt attempt at mass appeal. Faced with replacing longtime member Peter Baumann, Dream recruited drummer Klaus Krieger and keyboardist/vocalist/reedman Steve Jolliffe. "It was one of those things that you do without thinking how it will affect your image or career. It was a mistake, a very heavy mistake."

The result was the only Dream album with a vocalist, *Cyclone*, in which they sound more like a British art-rock band than the explorers that they are. The subsequent albums, *Force Majeure* and *Tangram*—with new member Johannes Schmoelling on the latter—have found them back on course.

Unlike many synthesizer groups, Tangerine Dream has always been able to perform their music live. In their search for new sounds and the ability to perform them, Dream has many custom-built instruments. At their recent performances in Los Angeles and San Francisco (see *db*, March '81) the only recognizable piece of equipment in three massive banks of electronics was a Yamaha Electric Grand.

The music of Edgar Froese and Tangerine Dream is cerebral, sensual, and emotionally provocative: all descriptions that belie the usual cold and analytical connotations of electronic music. Froese believes: "Most things done in electronics have been academic. This mathematical part may be necessary to learn new structures and sound patterns, but we felt that a whole range of emotions wasn't there." If the music of Edgar Froese is any indication, electronics will be opening even broader horizons in the future, and Tangerine Dream will have been the first pioneers. db

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plus Hubert and Wayne overdubbing. I really enjoy the interplay among Othello and Toots and Herbie. Also the percussion—Don Alias on shakers, Bobby Thomas on hand drums, and Jack DeJohnette on traps. The horns include Chuck and Bobby Findley, Snooky Young, David Bergeron, Jim Pugh; the tuba is Tommy Johnson, who played on *Close Encounters*. Brecker is on tenor sax, Howard Johnson on baritone . . . not too shabby a band."

• *Chromatic Fantasy*—This is Johann Sebastian Bach, transmogrified into a Pastorius roller coaster ride. Lamborghini might be a better metaphor, because this is pure speed.

Jaco says, "I recorded this last of all because I was scared to play it. But I got it in the first take. I had worked on it off and on for nearly 10 years, maybe five minutes a month, but you have to keep at it. I even had to teach myself a new fingering for it. I played it on my blond fretted bass. [Another of Jaco's favorite Fender Jazz Bases, all sporting Roto Sound strings.] As I was playing it in the studio, I knew I had it about three-quarters of the way through—but that's when it gets hardest, because you start laughing and make a mistake. The second part of *Chromatic Fantasy* segues into something I recorded in my living room. I overdubbed it all in three takes."

• *Blackbird*—"I've always used a couple of motifs to get back into when I'm way out on a limb during my bass solo on-stage with Weather Report. On the last tour I was doing *Blackbird*. As it segues on the album, all the percussion from *Chromatic Fantasy* continues: timpani, a gong, Chinese cymbals, three recorders, all the little instruments I've collected—I've even got a horn you call cows with!

"In Florida, I sketched out all the changes, whatever McCartney played in the original, but I left out the actual melody. And I realized that Toots had to play the melody. Immediately I called up Air France and made a reservation to take the Concorde out of New York to Paris. I recorded Toots' solo part in a studio outside Brussels. I've got about 18 out-takes you wouldn't believe. Toots was playing his ass off."

Jaco concluded the track in Los Angeles, where Hubert Laws overdubbed a seven-part harmony, doubling on each part, so that it totaled four soprano and 10 alto flutes. Jaco said that Hubert did it all in first takes.

• *Word Of Mouth*—About this Jaco says, "I made a scale of A, B#, C#, D#, E, G#, A . . . and improvised with it, had some fun. I wanted to play both drums and bass on it, so that's what I did. Simple as that."

But not quite so simple. To quote the official (but unpublished) credits, as inscribed by Jaco's amanuensis and accountant, Rory Pastorius, the following takes place on this track: *rhythm*—Jaco Pastorius, drums, bass guitar, fuzz bass, tambourines, timpani, Chinese cymbals, wood blocks, gong, Heineken bottle, firecrackers, scream; *woodwinds*—Jean "Toots" Thielemans, harmonica; *animals*—Phoebe bird, lead chirps, Joey bird, contemplation, and Dog of the Unknown, bark.

• *John And Mary*—"The section in A Major," Jaco says, "is something I wrote more than 10 years ago, when Mary was born. The C# section, which some people say sounds like Elmer Bernstein—Peter Erskine says it sounds like the Marlboro commercial—I wrote when John was born. And the middle, string section, which starts on an F sustained chord, I wrote a year ago as a separate composition entitled *Ingrid*.

"I wanted John and Mary to talk on the album, but they were shy. You can hear Phoebe singing in the background, and then John whispering that his ears are sweating because he has the headphones on. Then I tickled both of them and they started to laugh. It was total magic."

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light years from urban bustle, Giuffre lives with his wife and a bouncy wire-haired terrier called Bigfoot, and works on his music. "The river has a lot of feeling, and the setting inspires me greatly."

Giuffre's music seems to be undergoing something of a renaissance. Evidenced by his recent concert at Sandy's and a demo tape he made with his young quartet at Sound Techniques Studio, Giuffre is moving away from his preoccupation with "somber themes in minor keys," muting the folksy and bluesy elements somewhat,

structuring the rhythm a bit more, letting his sidemen share in the writing, and—*mirabile dictu*—going electric. "At this point," says Giuffre, "I'm playing things that have more relation to mainstream sounds, more like 'jazz.' When I was playing more ethnic and Eastern music, people would come up to me and say 'When are you going to play some of that Woody Herman stuff?' Now I guess they'll be asking for the Eastern things, but this is where I am at the moment."

A typical hour-long set might include mostly Giuffre's tunes from the last decade, each for a specific instrument: *Bittersweet* and *Squirrels* for soprano, *Boodle-a-dee* for tenor, *Blue*

Etching for A clarinet, and some absolutely gorgeous ballads for bass flute like the haiku *Moonlight*, right out of Chinese poet Li Po, and *The Sad Truth*, a wholly written, non-improvisational three-minute gem. There are standards for reflection (*Chelsea Bridge*) and for wailing (*Yardbird Suite*), originals by Rossi (the thorny *Other Point Of View*) and Nieske (the haunting *Mona's Window*). The most salient difference is the inclusion of electronic keyboards/synthesizers. (Mark Rossi plays a Rhodes electric piano, a Yamaha CT-60 polyphonic synthesizer, and a Mu-Tron synthesizer, with an MXR flanger and a volume/wah-wah pedal.)

Giuffre talks about his philosophy behind putting a band together: "On the way to a performance, you involve your players and delegate part of the responsibility. My players have to read well (or memorize, which is harder), play in tune, be sensitive to dynamics, and avoid the conventional, show-off, patterned approach. My music is not technically difficult (except the bass parts), but there are lots of complicated moving parts, and they have to handle them. I also need guys who play accompaniment in an open, rolling style that is not clichéd."

"Randy Kaye knows the music shouldn't be dominated by drums. (Sheila Jordan was responsible for our getting together, and believe me, if I'd met Randy sooner, I might not have had all those drumless groups.) The usual sea of cymbals drummers give you to float on gets too comfortable; if you miss a lick the first time, why, you can try it again. Randy's nature is to lay back and keep listening."

"Bob and Mark are both composers, and have insight into the music. Many fine bassists fall into patterns. It takes a lot of know-how not to copy. I need someone like Bob who at least conceives of not following old paths. I'd rather go for that than find a boss bass player in a rut. Mark is the first guy I've heard play electric with dynamics; most people tend to dominate the music. His equipment gives him a better sound quality than most."

On self-perception and optimism, Giuffre had a few words: "You never know for sure whether you're good or bad. You just have to go on your own confidence. One day you officially declare that you are a musician, that you have earned the right to get up there and play in public. You know you are a pro and definitely have something to say and, for better or worse, you deliver it. You can always find someone who thinks you're a dud, but if you're lucky, you'll find someone who says: 'I've waited all my life to hear something like this; it means so much to me.' You never know why all the people are not like that." db

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CHEATHAM *cont. from page 27*

went and I had my horn down there and he was trying to teach me to play his music. He still says, everytime I see him, that he's going to record me with him, but I think he's kidding me. I say, 'What the hell am I going to do with you?' And he says, 'Oh, that's alright, you're going to record with me.' He's quite a guy. I may be able to do something with him. I like challenges."

After all those years of lead trumpet playing, Doc Cheatham has solos pent up inside. He still practices "every day," as he says emphatically. "I get so disgusted sometimes with the way I sound. But I find I'm getting better all the time. That's why I like the Sunday afternoon gig at Sweet Basil—it gives me an opportunity to experiment. I've got Chuck Folds on piano, Al Hall on bass, and Jackie Williams on drums. If I make a mistake, I make a mistake. I do a lot of scrambling. I went in there for four weeks, and I've been there a year already. I'll stay there. I like it there because it's easy and gives me a chance to play the things I want to play. And I don't have to worry about things. I like to entertain the people, I like to play the things people like. The hours are good and I guess I'll stay there as long as I can. I don't teach anymore. I have a lot of trumpet players coming to me wanting to learn something, but I can't because I'm going to rest and relax more."

Rest and relax more. After more than five decades in the music business, Doc Cheatham is working more than at any other period in his life. He lives in a small apartment with his wife of 29 years (his third), but he doesn't get to spend too much time there. If there is a jazz festival that wants him, he goes. He loves to travel and loves to be appreciated, finally, for all his talents.

He stands up, stretches, and walks over to a mounted trumpet bell sitting on a table. The bell was given to him by the musicians' union as a 76th birthday present. The party, a surprise, was held a week early, so Doc wouldn't have to cancel his gig in Ohio. Among the guests at the shindig was Clark Terry, who presented Doc Cheatham with a check for \$77. "He said, 'You're going to be 76, so it's one dollar for each year and one for good luck. If you don't make it to 77, you owe me a dollar.' Ha-ha-ha."

Doc Cheatham scratches his head—all his hair comes from the back of his head and forms a peculiar frame for his long, smooth face—and draws heavily on his pipe, which long ago went out. "I'm just looking forward to living a long time," he says reflectively, "and playing. Playing and living. If nothing stops me. That's all I'm looking forward to. I just want to keep playing." **db**

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